THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JUNE, 1800.

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4 MR. SHIELD'S FAVOURITE BALLAD OF LAURA FORSWORN.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE communications of Livia are intended for insertion.

R. C.'s Remarks on the Times are too much of a political nature, and too violent.

Leander's Essay contains many excellent sentiments; but, on the whole, requires revision.

Florio's Strictures on Modern Fashions shall have a place.

Verses to Miss C****n, with a Bouquet—F****'s Lines to Eliza—Ode to Innocence—The Female Philosophers—Several poetical pieces, signed Leed—And the Rebus, by X. Y. are received.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR

JUNE, 1800.

ON THE MERIT OF MODERN AUTHORS.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE insertion of the following observations will much oblige a constant reader of your Magazine. Yours, &c.

Ut in vitâ, ſic in ſtudiis, pulcherrimum et humaniſſimum existimo, severitatem comitatemque miscere, ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam procedat.

PLIN. EPIST.

I HAVE read the productions of *antient* writers without deriving instruction or amusement: after such a confession I expect to be censured for want of taste and discernment; particularly, when I add, that the modern authors please me more: they have an ease and elegance in *their* works we vainly seek for in the elaborate productions of the antients; in a brief manner, they tell us every thing which is necessary, without wasting pages in a dry and laboured manner; instead of straining a bright thought, and rendering it dull and abstruse, we have it now diffusing a clear and brilliant light, not dimly shining through clouds of classical obscurity. My readers will, perhaps, think, I have a greater taste for works of imagination than judgment; but they are mistaken,—I like them blended *together*, and have frequently discerned them united in the writings of modern authors. I shall single out *two* writers, whose productions have ever impressed me with sentiments of admiration; and I mention them for two reasons: first, because I wish, in this public manner, to bear testimony to their merit; and, secondly, because they have frequently incurréd the cavilling of prejudiced critics.—Miss Sophia King, who, I am credibly informed, is not yet nineteen, first claims my notice. Her works consist of several pieces of poetry, and two novels, which I have perused with pleasure and advantage. "Waldorf, or the Dangers of Philosophy," was the first published; and, as I was once a material sufferer by those tenets she has so aptly decried, I, perhaps from this circumstance, felt a double interest in this publication; the strength of its arguments, the beauty of some of the sentiments, the energy of the language, struck me with a degree of veneration for talents apparent in a person so young. The next was a "Romance of Real Life;" and certainly it bears the stamp of reality. The observations these volumes contain again took captive my attention. The author discovers much knowledge, and a brilliant imagination: her observations are correct and philosophical, and the moral she deduces apt and instructive. I perused them with avidity; for I possess that warmth of sentiment, which *she has* herself, in an eminent degree, and this occasioned me to experience the utmost delight in reading all she wrote. To a more cold or frivolous class of readers, those ideas, which so interested me, may, however, pass unnoticed: such I can only pity.

The

The works of this lady induced me to leave no means untried to gain a view of her,—a satisfaction I at length obtained, and was enabled faintly to sketch her features. I shall, perhaps, transmit her portrait, when finished, to be copied in your Magazine; where, if all view it with the same sensations as I did the *original*, they will find themselves pleased and interested they know not why; for her countenance may not be conceived answerable to the rules of beauty, by experienced connoisseurs, yet there is something so thoughtful, so melancholy, and impressive in it, that no being, possessing an atom of sensibility, can view it unmoved. It is said she has another work in agitation, which, if not totally unlike her others, will find in me, at least, a warm admirer.

The next author whose productions I am led to admire, is Mr. Godwin. His remarks are solid and philosophical; perhaps no writer ever insinuated grave topics in so pleasing a manner; he improves the undertanding, and awakens the imagination; he seems to direct the passions as he chuses; pity, fear, disdain, and involuntary admiration, are alternately roused, when we read his "Caleb Williams:" and in his "St. Leon" we perceive the most unexceptionable lessons of morality deduced from the most visionary ideas. Mr. Godwin has frequently been the subject of severe criticism, but has never stooped to deprecate its mercy, well aware that every author of merit must become the mark of malevolence and envy. Notwithstanding my sincere approbation of his writings, I cannot, however, avoid observing, that his life of Mrs. Wolstonecraft was not proper for publication. Whatever his *private* sentiments may be, decorum and morality forbid them to be disseminated; many weak minds may be injured by adopting the theory of the day. It is to be wished that every author would avoid attacking sacred institutions, under the name of prejudices. It has been reported, both of these writers have expressed sorrow for ever having written. As long as talents are directed to laudable purposes, I perceive no occasion for regret on this subject. Miss King has never erred in point of morality, in any of her works; nor Mr. Godwin, excepting in his "Memoirs of Mrs. Wolstonecraft;" though *both* of these authors have *long* been unjustly censured on this account. There is no reasoning with such prejudiced and ignorant persons: narrow minds are apt to be illiberal and censorious without any foundation; they ought never to lose sight of Pope's line—

"Ten censures *wrong* for one who judges *right*."

An enthusiastic Admirer of Merit.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

AS my *Fop* met with so good a reception from you, I have taken the liberty to send you the description of another animal of the same tribe.

Yours, &c.

Isleworth, June 5. Belinda.

THE COQUETTE.

THIS animal, like the fop, originally came from France: but travellers assure us they are to be found in all parts both of the civilised and uncivilised world. Vaillant, in his two last voyages, relates, that he met with some of the species even in Caffraria, and among the Namaquas, south of the Cape of Good Hope; but they did not much engage the attention of that ingenious naturalist, as he knew that they were to be found in much greater perfection in Europe.

The coquette is generally a most beautiful animal; its skin is a delicate white, with red spots on the face of considerable magnitude; very

very fine and sparkling eyes, which it has the art of rolling about in such a manner as to fascinate its prey, not unlike certain serpents. Its voice, like that of the fop, with which, as before-mentioned, it is apt to be confounded, is shrill, and often unharmonious; but, perhaps, no animal has more variety of tones, which are observed to differ with every impulse of anger, joy, sorrow, pride, disdain, &c. There is something singular in the red spots on the faces of coquettes, which is, that they often appear and disappear in the course of twenty-four hours, the face appearing of an entire pale white when the animal awakes from sleep. In others, however, the redness is stationary, and varies only with the expression of the passions. These latter are most admired.

In mischief, this animal is far superior to the fop, and it is very rare that the most expert naturalists have been able to tame them. There are only two ways in which this is done; and I shall mention them, although neither are in our power. The one is a disease, to which they are subject, which leaves marks or small pits all over the face; the other is old age. When they advance in years they undergo a transformation, which seems to affect their brain, as they are always making signs to express that they fear they shall *lead apes.* An old coquette, therefore, is a very rare animal, but not the more valuable upon that account, as there is a general prejudice against them, and very few men can be prevailed upon to go near them.

The young ones are extremely wild, as already remarked, and the most difficult to catch of any animal. The sportsmen usually employ a *noose* with a *ring*, but it is very rare that they succeed; and some of my acquaintances, who have, after many attempts, caught one of them, assure me that *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle* *. Others, less expert, and not so well acquainted with the animal, have caught a *tartar* in its stead, from which, to be sure, it does not greatly differ.

The coquette is particularly fond of the female dress. Place one of them in a well-furnished wardrobe, and it will adorn *itself* in the most whimsical and *outré* manner, and always seems best pleased when it resembles nothing in nature but itself. An eminent writer, speaking of this animal, says very justly, though paradoxically:

> "None but itſelf can be its parallel."

Fond, however, as it is of dress and frippery, it is never long contented with the same suit, but is perpetually varying it, and making the strangest figures with the hair of its head, which is generally very long and beautiful. Some say it has even the power of changing the colour of its hair, as it does the red spot on the face; but I have never been witness to a transformation of this kind.

There are, however, the greatest varieties in the shape of this animal; sometimes it appears to have no waist, at other times it is all waist; sometimes there is a vast protuberance before, and at other times behind it; so that no general description will suit the coquette; although there are paintings and engravings of many of the different kinds to be seen in the print-shops, to which I must refer the curious reader.

It is generally thought that the breed is fast going out in this kingdom; and, undoubtedly, if they were not kept in so many famillies, they would soon be extinct; but there is a great number of people extremely partial to them, and who submit to all their wild tricks and freaks, though they often lose their time, and even their money, by attending to them.

* The sport costs more than it is worth.

Some

Some ladies have been so fond of them, as to prefer them to the most lovely and sensible of their children. But it is more easy to mention such extravagant fancies, than to account for them, or to cure them.

The coquette, although for ever expressing some passion or other, is believed to be very little acquainted with the tender ones. It is rarely susceptible of friendship, and never of love. Those who have *kept* coquettes, assure us, that they can never tame them, so as to make them faithful and affectionate; but it is said, that when caught by the *noose* and *ring*, mentioned above, they may be very easily domesticated. Others, again, in flat contradiction to this, lose their native propensities altogether, and degenerate into *dowdies*, an animal, in all respects, the reverse of the coquette, being quiet, insensible, slatternly, and neglectful of its person; and there are few who can manage the *noose* and *ring* so as not to confine and hurt the animal.

Merely to look at, the coquette is one of the prettiest creatures ever formed, and no animal is more gratified by being looked at. An hundred eyes directed at once to where a coquette sits, is a pleasure which it seems to relish very much; and, at a proper distance, the spectator will be rather diverted with its tricks; but few, who know the qualities of the animal, will venture to approach nearer. It is remarkably deceitful in its attacks. When it frowns, it is generally best pleased; and when it appears fond and good-humoured, it is almost a certainty that it is then meditating to play a mischievous trick. It can counterfeit all appearances to attract notice, and sometimes turn pale and appear dead, to impose upon its pursuers. All its movements, indeed, are deceptive, particularly its weeping, which it does like a woman; but the great difficulty is to know, whether the tears it sheds are tears of joy, sorrow, anger, or disappointment. By similar tricks, the coquette leads its pursuers such a dance from place to place, from town to country, and from country to town, that they generally give over the chase, as not worth the trouble, although they feel themselves excessively chagrined at being outwitted by an animal which they thought ready to jump into their arms.

On dissection, we perceive many singularities, such as the great distance from the head to the heart, and the last being made of a substance scarcely penetrable. But as Dr. Addison, a very expert physician and anatomist, in queen Anne's time, has given a very accurate description of the dissection of a coquette, I shall refer my readers to that, quoting only one passage. "As soon," says he, "as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance. Accordingly we laid it in a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed."

I have only to add, that the description I have given of the *coquette* applies chiefly to the female. The male *coquette* is an ugly ferocious animal, which all agree to hunt out of society, and I have never met with one worthy of the least attention.

The FORTUNATE ESCAPE;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THE eagerness of avarice, by prompting it to have recourse to unjust and violent measures to obtain its ends, will often utterly defeat its own designs, which, perhaps, might have

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Fortunate Escape

have been accomplished by patient perseverance in an opposite conduct.

Sir Lucius O'Hara was a gentleman of fortune in Ireland, who had been left guardian to his niece, Miss Helen, who, when of age, was to receive a very considerable fortune. This was perhaps her most valuable endowment in the eyes of her uncle; but she at the same time possessed many other accomplishments which rendered her truly amiable. From her earliest years a kind of intimacy had subsisted between her and a young gentleman, of the name of Charles Nesbit, whose father possessed a valuable estate in the neighbourhood of her uncle, with whom he was on the most friendly terms. The repeated interviews which took place between Charles and Helen, in consequence of this acquaintance, at length implanted in their tender and resembling hearts the seeds of love, which "grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength;" till, at length, the powerful passion having attained maturity in the soul of Charles, burst from his lips in an animated confession to the object of all his hopes, of all his wishes. The delicate, but not repulsive, embarrassment with which she received this declaration, and the encouragement she conveyed in that indescribable and spiritual language which hearts can hold with hearts, without the aid of sounds, assured Charles that his love was not rejected; but answer he received none; for Sir Lucius O'Hara suddenly came upon them, and changed the tender confusion, in which they were, to a perplexity of another kind.

The character of Sir Lucius was that of the rough boisterous country-gentleman, not at all used to the melting mood; yet he knew so much of the external symptoms of those passions with the internal sensations of which he was almost entirely unacquainted, as to be convinced that something was going on between Mr. Charles and Miss Helen very far from suitable to the plan he had long cherished of keeping her fortune in his family, by marrying her to his son Phelim as soon as he should return from America, where he then was with his regiment, in which he had a lieutenancy. To prevent the disconcerting of this favourite project, he, therefore, immediately took an opportunity to pretend that he had received a gross affront from the elder Mr. Nesbit, and break off all connection and acquaintance with both him and his son, whom he thus entirely excluded from his house; taking care, for further security that Helen should be strictly attended and watched, to prevent her having any clandestine communication with him.

Soon after, his son, Mr. Phelim O'-Hara returned from America, and his father, conceiving that delays might, notwithstanding every precaution, prove dangerous, recommended to him to commence the siege of the bride and fortune he intended for him with the utmost vigour. Phelim was not backward, and, as he had long been of opinion, that he was irresistible by the sex, made his approaches with a confidence bordering on grossness, and received an indignant and peremptory repulse. He returned to the charge more than once, but with too much disregard to delicacy and refinement to make any impression on the heart of Helen, already pre-engaged to a man whom she knew to be, in every respect, the reverse of this impertinent and conceited suitor. The siege was therefore now turned to a blockade; the persecuted lady was scarcely suffered to see any person but Mr. Phelim and his father, while the latter treated her with the utmost moroseness on account of her refusal of his son. But a heart garrisoned by love for another is not easily reduced to surrender by ill-treatment.

In

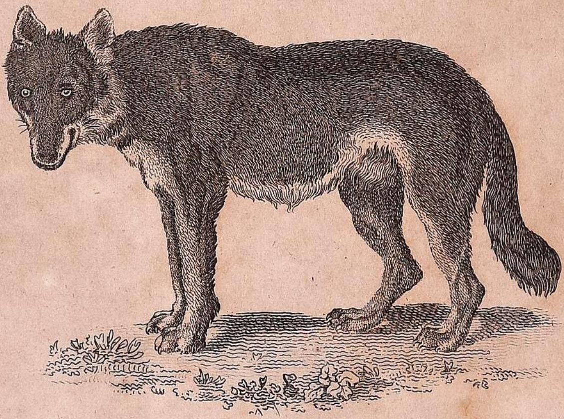
In the mean time, young Mr. Nesbit severely felt the cruel separation from the object of his affection at the moment he thought himself encouraged to cherish the hope of obtaining her; and numerous were the schemes he concerted and endeavoured to carry into execution to obtain an interview with her. All these were, however, rendered fruitless by the jealousy and caution of the O'Haras, who were well fraught with that suspicion and low cunning which were perfectly adapted to the furtherance of their interested designs, till at length he began to entertain doubts whether he had not too hastily yielded to the flattery of hope, and whether she, whom he prized as his life, was not perfectly indifferent to him and his affection. These doubts were not a little increased by reports circulated on purpose to reach him, that Helen was soon to be married to the son of Sir Lucius.

So entirely, indeed, were the two lovers separated, and so artfully was it contrived that Helen should hear from several different quarters that Mr. Nesbit was on the point of being married to a young lady of great fortune, that, had his rival been less eager, and, especially, had he been capable of more conciliating and delicate behaviour, their separation might perhaps have been eternal. But Helen wanted now but two months of being of age; and both Sir Lucius and his son began to be a little fearful that she should find means finally to escape from all the snares they had laid for her. Phelim, too, was highly irritated at the scornful manner, as he termed it, in which she had treated him, and wished to compel her to accept by force the invaluable gift she had so insolently slighted. The father, likewise, in a conference he had with his son on the subject, hinted, that though it was impossible, considering the relation in which he stood to her as her guardian, that he should suffer any thing of the nature of compulsion in his own house, yet that nothing prevented his son, if he had courage and spirit enough, to carry her off to a distant part of the country, and compel her to a marriage; in which case he doubted not but, by his influence, he should be able to screen him from any legal animadversion, and in a short time all would be forgotten, and he would remain in undisturbed possession of his prize.

This plan the enterprising son of Sir Lucius, convinced that "none but the brave deserve the fair," determined to carry into immediate execution. Helen was permitted a little more liberty, and to walk out unattended in the grounds near the house, where she was seized by Phelim and a stout ruffian he had hired as his accomplice, who, in spite of her cries and struggles, conveyed her a considerable distance towards a bye-road, where a carriage was waiting for them. But before they arrived there, as they passed near a thicket, while carrying their fainting prize, who was now too exhausted either to cry or struggle, they suddenly heard a musquet discharged on the other side of the hedge, which so much alarmed their guilty consciences, that they left their prey and fled with precipitation. The terrified Helen sunk on the ground beneath a tree; but what was her surprise to find herself a moment after in the arms of her dear Charles. He had been out with his gun and his dog, and it was the report of his piece, which he had discharged at some game, that had terrified and put to flight the ruffians. He conveyed her in safety to the house of his father, where she was kept with the utmost secresy till the time arrived when she was legally authorised to bestow herself in legitimate marriage on the man to whom she had so long before given her heart, and to claim her fortune from her uncle, who was now deprived of every pretext to refuse the demand.

The

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Wolf.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 240.)

LETTER VIII.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ——.

In the brute generas, as well as in the human species, we can clearly perceive the several individuals marked by various characteristic qualities, which serve the effective purpose of exciting our approbation or abhorrence. In these varied examples, your ladyship's perspicuous judgment will not fail to form a true estimate of these several properties; as their tendency is invariably the same, virtue and vice being ever specifically amiable or odious, however specious the mansion is in which they reside; therefore the rapaciousness of the wolf may be opposed to the lawless ravages of insatiable man; as unrestrained passion is the genuine source of both. Accept these reflections by way of exordium, and permit me to inform you the next branch of the dog genus is

THE WOLF.

The wolf, notwithstanding he is ranked in the dog genus, and in his form greatly resembles that animal, from his different propensities, strong personal aversion, and other contradistinct qualities, unquestionably constitutes a distinct species; the dog, in his wildest state, being inclined to tractability, and the wolf, when most civilised, being, at certain periods, incorrigible, cruel, and voracious, devoid of attachment, and every other kindred affection, which ennoble the canine race.

The wolf has a long head; pointed nose; erect sharp ears; large teeth; a long bushy tail, bending downwards; his colour is commonly a pale brown, tinged with yellow; head and neck of a cinereous hue; some individuals of this species are uniformly white, and some in Canada black; in size resembles a large greyhound, but is rather taller.—The wolf differs from the dog in the following particulars:—the former brings forth but once a year; the eyes are obliquely placed, and have a brilliant appearance in the dark; he howls instead of barks; his motions are more uniform; his body stronger, but not so flexible, though it is proved to be an erroneous opinion that the wolf's neck is not formed of vertebræ; his jaws and teeth are larger; his limbs stronger; his hair coarser and thicker; he also lives longer in general than the canine species, as he often attains the age of eighteen or twenty years.

The wolf is one of the most rapacious members of the carnivorous tribe; yet, notwithstanding the acuteness of his appetite, he frequently expires of hunger; as the human species have conspired in an endeavour to extirpate his noxious race, and by that means oblige him to take refuge in desolate forests, where he can only prey on those animals who are too weak, or not sufficiently fleet to evade his pursuit. As a price was set on the heads of these animals, Great Britain was effectually freed from their ravages; the last recorded to have been killed in Scotland was in the year 1680; in Ireland no mention is made of their existence beyond the year 1710. These animals infest every quarter of the globe, and will remain for ever unconquered in the continental European forests. The North American kind is the smallest, and the Senegal the largest and fiercest of the species; those that inhabit the Cape

Cape are grey, striped with black, or uniformly black. The mode of destroying these animals is usually by poison, traps, or pitfalls; there is also a kind of hawk which, by being properly trained, will tear out their eyes: when they are hunted and subdued by dogs, the huntsman puts a final period to their existence, as the canine species have a natural antipathy to the flavour of their flesh. In France, the shepherds are obliged to house their flocks in the night season; and when they kill a wolf, carry his head in triumph, and solicit alms as a reward.

By nature, the wolf is pusillanimous, but, when urged by necessity, braves danger; when he is almost famished by hunger, he seizes tame animals, such as lambs, kids, dogs, &c. and continues his depredations till he is repulsed or insnared; when he is thus chased from committing ravages in flocks, he retires to his den during the day, and issues forth from thence in the night, and traverses about the country in quest of prey, molests the cottagers, attacks women and children, and even men, when he is desperately hungry. Wolves drink frequently, and when amply supplied with water can subsist for the space of four or five days without animal food; and to allay their hunger frequently eat meed. These animals have great strength, especially in the interior part of their body, and the muscular part of their neck and jaws; as they are able to carry a sheep in their mouth, and yet evade the shepherd's pursuit; they invariably fly from man, except urged by hunger; they bite desperately, but never fight but from necessity; and though they are ferocious, are cowardly; as when they subdued, they allow themselves to be chained or muzzled without resistance or the smallest tokens of discontent.

Notwithstanding the wolf prefers the flesh of animals that are alive, when that resource of sustenance fails he instantly devours carcases in their most putrid state; he has a strong predilection in favour of human prey; and, it is probable, if his strength were proportioned to his ardent desire of obtaining this kind of food, he would alone subsist on it, as he has been known to assemble with troops of his own species, and follow armies, to eat the dead bodies that in the field of battle are but slightly covered with earth. The wolf has keen perceptions, and his scent is peculiarly exquisite, as he can discern carrion at more than the distance of a league, and craftily lies in wait for living animals that are far off, which he pursues by their track, from the effluvia the wind wafts to his senses.

It is evident the wolf is of a solitary nature, as he does not even associate with his own species, except for the purpose of forming martial combinations against some large animals, whose strength would be superior to a single combat: immediately after the decision of these battles, each member retires to his lonesome retreat. The males but seldom dwell with the females, for whom they sometimes furiously contend; when the latter are near bringing forth their young, they seek a secure recess in the most impenetrable parts of the forest, which they form into a kind of den, by tearing up the brambles and brush-wood with their teeth; after having thus cleared the spot, they make a bed of moss for the reception of their expected offspring; which often are from five to nine in number at a litter: their time of gestation is ten weeks. The whelps are

are born blind, like puppies; the mother suckles them for some weeks, and soon initiates them to animal food, by presenting them with field-mice, leverets, partridges, and fowls, which she first cruelly tortures, and then destroys; and after having torn off the skin or feathers, presents an equal portion of the sanguinary gift to her infant charge. The she-wolf is more timid, and less ferocious than the male, yet when her young are attacked, she becomes formidably fierce; she never leaves her den till the whelps are six weeks or two months old, and does not abate in her attention to them till they gain maturity, which is not till they are a year, or a year and a half in age. Though the females retire from the male when they bring forth, from the apprehension he will destroy the young, many authors assert, that, when they are produced, he manifests attachment to them, by supplying them with food; and in instances when they are deprived of their mother, not only protects, but provides for them with parental affection; thus does Providence wisely implant social passions, and subdue the most ferocious qualities, to fulfil the œconomy of nature.

There is no part of a wolf valuable, except his fur; his flesh is so disgusting in taste, every species of animals reject it with tokens of abhorrence; his breath is offensive in so great a degree as scarcely to be endured, owing to the variety of putrid food he indiscriminately swallows; therefore whether he is analysed as an animated or defunct member of the brute creation, no one quality can be traced to entitle him to the slightest portion of approbation or praise: as his form is displeasing, his voice terrific, his disposition savage, and the general tendency of his actions destructive!

THE MEXICAN WOLF.

The head, jaws, and teeth of this animal are very large; on the upper lip there are strong bristles, reflected backwards, not unsimilar in texture to the most pliant of the porcupine spines, and of a grey and white hue; the ears are large, erect, and cinereous, the space between them marked with broad tawny spots; the head is of an ash colour, with a stripe, in a transverse bending direction, of a dusky hue; the neck is thick and fat, covered with a loose skin, marked with a long tawny stroke, and on the breast there is another of the same kind; the body is ash-coloured, spotted with black; and the side striped, from the back downwards, with the same colour; the belly cinereous; the tail long, and of the same hue, but tinged in the middle with tawny; the legs and feet striped alternately with black and ash colour. Sometimes there is a variety found of this kind entirely white. These animals resemble the common wolf in manners and propensities, as they attack cattle, and, when they are sorely pressed by hunger, molest the human species. They inhabit the hottest parts of Mexico.

From the rapacious ferocity of the wolf, we must direct our attention to the crafty wiliness of the fox, which forms the next class in the dog genus.

THE FOX.

The craft of the fox being a proverbial quality ascribed to the whole species, it will be necessary to enumerate some common instinctive proofs of his address. As the fox is endued with various properties, which enable him to gain subsistence, he exercises them with prudence, vigilance, and assiduity, in

mode best suited to ensure sussess. Though superior in agility to the wolf, he does not rely on the rapidity of his motions; as he provides a retreat, to which he retires when danger impends. This wily animal usually fixes his residence on the borders of a wood, the vicinity of cottages, or other human dwellings, where he watches the cries and motions of the neighbouring poultry, which he scents at a great distance. Various are the means he uses to ensnare the innocent objects of his pursuit; sometimes he leaps walls and commits cruel devastations amongst the feathered tribe; at others he crawls along the ground like a reptile to prevent his sanguinary plot being suspected, and by that mean his schemes are seldom frustrated: as like Proteus, he assumes various changes, and ever suits his conduct to the circumstances of the occasion. When by these artful measures he has committed great slaughter, he retires cautiously with his prey, taking them one by one, and securely lodging them in his kennel, or hiding them amongst the herbage: he usually commits these cruel depredations in the twilight of the morning, and retires to his hole when the powerful influence of the sun-beams seems to threaten a discovery. Foxes are so adroit, they take birds caught in the fowler's snare, which they craftily hide in various recesses, and never fail to recognise them; they also eat leverets, wounded old hares, dig for rabbits in warrens, destroy birds in their nests, and seize vast quantities of various kinds of game. The fox also eats milk, cheese, and fruits, and when his favourite food, which is birds, fails, he attacks rats, mice, serpents, lizards, toads, &c. which are the only beneficial services he renders to mankind; he will devour some kinds of fish, and is so fond of honey, he has the courage to encounter wild bees, wasps, and hornets, whose nests he never abandons till he gains their contents, notwithstanding he is powerfully repulsed by stings.

As I have thus far expatiated on the subtilty of the fox's operations, I shall proceed to describe his form and other distinctive properties.— The fox greatly resembles the dog in his external appearance, and yet more in his internal formation; he has a sharp nose, vivacious hazel eyes, pointed erect ears, tawny red hair, intermingled with ash colour, fore part of the legs black; the tail long, straight, and furnished with bushy hair, and tipt with white: the whole species are subject to great variations in the article of colour, they all diffuse a peculiar strong, disagreeable odour, are not easily tamed, and are never rendered wholly domestic, as they pine when deprived of liberty, and at length die of chagrin.

Foxes produce young but once a year, and have from three to five at a litter; the female prepares a reception for her offspring, and usually brings forth in the month of April; the cubs are born blind, continue to grow nearly two years, and usually exist thirteen or fourteen.

The fox possesses wonderful power in the modulation of his voice; as he not only barks, but yelps, and makes a noise similar to the note of some kind of birds; he has different tones, some being adapted to the chase, and others to denote desire, complaint, and grief, exclusive of one peculiarly expressive expression of pain, which he only utters when he is wounded by shot; as, like the wolf, he murmurs against no other mode of assault. He always defends himself with great resolution, bites desperately, and with reluctance quits his hold. In winter he barks and yelps almost perpetually, but in sum-

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mer, which is the season in which he casts his hair, he is generally mute; he also sleeps so sound, he may safely be approached, and easily captured in a somnient state.

The chase of the fox is natural and congenial to the canine species; as he is noxious to many parts of the creation, this mode of sport is less objectionable than the pursuit of harmless animals: he is hunted by hounds and terriers; the latter are of particular use in searching for, and pursuing the fox into holes or other recesses. The flesh of the fox is less disgusting than that of the wolf; as dogs, and even some of the human species in autumn, partake of it.

The common species are found in every part of Europe, and in the northern and temporal regions of Asia and America; but are very rarely discovered in Africa, as they are, unquestionably, native inhabitants of cold countries. As this species is subject to essential varieties, I shall specify the most remarkable instances; which are, the Fox with the tip of the tail black; the Cross Fox, with a black mark passing in a transverse direction from shoulder to shoulder, and another, similar in form and colour, extending along the back to the tail: these animals inhabit the coldest parts of Europe, Asia, and North America; their skin is esteemed for its valuable fur, the hair being thicker and softer in texture than the common kind. The next class is the Black Fox, which is the most subtle of the whole species; its skin is of so fine a quality, the Russians prefer it to sable: these animals are native inhabitants of the most northern Asiatic regions, and North America: those of the latter regions are inferior in quality to the former. The Brant Fox is the next varied subject of this species: those of this kind described by Gesner and Linnæus were of a fiery red hue: that which Pennant specifies was scarcely half the size of the common fox; the nose black and much sharper; the space round the ears of a ferruginous cast; the forehead, back, shoulders, thighs, and sides, black, intermingled with red and ash colour, the latter predominant, which produced an hoary appearance; the belly of a yellowish cast; the tail black above, and red on the under part, and cinereous on the side: this animal was sent to Mr. Brook, of Holborn, from Pennsylvania, by the name of the Brant Fox. The Karagan Fox appears nearly allied to this species, which is a small kind, very common in the deserts of great Tartary; of which, to avoid prolixity, I shall forbear giving a circumstantial description.

On a review of the rapacious efforts of the wolf, and the subtle machinations of the fox, can your ladyship forbear forming a degree of comparison between the baneful effects and different tendency of their malignant qualities. The wolf, in the execution of his daring outrages, appears like an open enemy, insatiable in quest of prey, yet regardless of the penal consequences of his lawless depredations; whilst the fox, like a concealed foe, by various insidious arts, effects his purposes by means too latent to be suspected or avoided: consequently the latter inspires us with contempt, proportioned to the dread and apprehension the former excites. I have ever regarded human policy as a refined species of craft, and feel my abhorrence of its influence increased when I reflect on the hateful effects which cunning, its kindred quality, produces in even one of the brute genera.—To thee, whose genuine simplicity diffuses moderation, candour, and sincerity, how odious must these specimens of cruelty and craft appear!

appear! As the prospect is displeasing, let us turn our eyes from the disgusting exhibition, and take a survey of the other members of the dog genus, which have some common properties with the fox, but differ in many essential points. The first I shall specify is

THE CORSAK FOX.

This animal has erect ears, soft downy hair, a bushy tail the length of the body, white throat, eyes of a yellowish green cast; the colour in summer of a pale tawny hue, in winter grey; the texture of the hair is coarser than that of the common kind; the base and tip of the tail are black, the rest cinereous; the species are small, and inhabit the deserts beyond the Yaik, and the regions from the Don to the Amur; their principal characteristics consist in their burrowing, and living in holes; they howl and bark, and are never found in woody countries; the Kirghis Khaissacks sell them to the Russians, and use their skins instead of money; great numbers are transported into Turkey, and consequently they are very common in the Holy Land.

THE ARCTIC FOX, ISATIS, OR ARCTIC DOG.

The Arctic Fox may, with propriety, be ranked between the fox and dog species; he is peculiar to the most northern regions, and from hence obtains the appellation of Arctic; open countries are congenial to his nature, and he prefers the coast of the Frozen Sea to any other situation: he is chiefly found on the coldest mountains of Norway, Lapland, Siberia, and Iceland. This animal, in the construction of his body and tail, perfectly resembles the fox; but his head approaches near to the canine form; it is short in proportion to the body, but is thick near the neck, and terminates with a sharp muzzle; its ears are round, and almost hid in the fur; his hair is softer than that of other foxes, and inclining to be woolly; it is sometimes of a white hue, but generally of a blueish grey or ash colour: the young of the latter kind are black before they attain maturity; their hair is longer in winter than in the summer season, consequently their fur in better order: they have five toes, armed with claws, on their fore feet, and only four on the hind. These animals dwell in holes or recesses of the rocks and mountains, as, from the ice, and other impediments incident to the unfavourable climes they inhabit, they cannot burrow; they subsist on whatever birds or animals they can seize, and are particularly noxious to the leming; when driven by necessity, can eat shell-fish or any marine plants the surges cast on the shore. The females bring forth in May or June, and have usually six, seven, or eight young at a litter: the principal enemies the Arctic Fox has to encounter are the glutton and great owl, though he is often ensnared in traps, as they possess similar craft with other branches of their fraternity.

THE ANTARCTIC.

This animal is denominated Antarctic from the circumstance of his inhabiting regions as remotely south as the Arctic does of the northern hemisphere. The Antarctic fox is a native of Falkland Islands, which are situated in the extremity of the South American boundaries. This animal has short pointed ears, the interior parts lined with white hairs; hazel eyes; head and body of a cinereous brown; the hair more woolly than the common fox, and in texture more similar to that of the Arctic kind; the hair on the legs mixed with rust colour; the tail dusky, and tipt with white, shorter and more bushy than that of the common kind,

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to which it is one third superior in size; in the ears, tail, and strength of limbs, it nearly resembles the wolf, and also in its common habitudes, from whence the French style it the *Loup Renard*. Pennant thinks it probable these species are degenerated wolves, and of the same class with the Mexican and North American kinds. The Antarctic fox is the only terrestrial animal found in the Falkland Islands; it kennels like the common species; inhabits the shores for the convenience of seizing water-fowl, on which it subsists; it is very tame in its nature, and frequently but scantily cloathed with flesh, for want of proper sustenance; it diffuses an offensive odour, and barks like a dog.

THE GREY FOX.

The grey fox has a sharp nose, pointed long upright ears, long legs, and of a grey colour, except a small portion of redness about the ears: this animal is a native of Carolina in North America; it never burrows, but lives in hollow trees; it feeds on poultry and birds of various kinds; does not emit a disagreeable smell, and its skin is often converted to various purposes of ornament and use: in form it nearly resembles the common kind.

THE SILVERY FOX.

This beautiful animal is a native of the elevated woody situations in Louisiana; its construction is very similar to that of the common fox, but its coat of a superior quality, being formed of short hairs of a deep brown hue, over which is cast long silvery hairs, which give the animal a distinguished elegant appearance. It frequents forests, where it subsists on game, but never molests poultry, or any of the feathered race.

THE BARBARY FOX.

The Barbary fox has a long slender nose, sharp upright ears, long bushy tail; in colour, of a pale brown, the space above and below the eyes black; from behind each ear a black line extends, which divides into two branches, and terminates in the lower part of the neck; the tail encompassed with three broad rings: the animal in size is nearly equal to the common fox, but its limbs shorter.

THE SCHAKAL.

This species Buffon divides into two classes, the largest of which he denominates the jackal; on the lesser he bestows the appellation of adive. Pennant compounds these species, and annexes the term schakal with the following description, as characteristic. Yellow brown eyes; erect ears, formed like those of a fox, but shorter and less pointed; the head also shorter, and the nose blunter than the fox's; the lips black, and inclining to be pendulous; the neck and body very similar to the animal before mentioned, but more compressed; the legs of a fox-like form, but longer; the tail thickest in the middle, taper at the extremity; five toes on the four feet, and four on the hind, all covered with hair, even to the claws; the hair of an intermediate texture between the wolf and fox; the colour on the upper part of the body a dirty tawny, on the back mixed with black; the tail tipt with black; the other parts of the same hue as the back; the legs of a pure tawny brown, the fore legs sometimes but not invariably marked with a black spot on the knees: the length of the animal, from the nose to the base of the tail, is about twenty-nine inches, the tail about ten or eleven inches long.

The schakal participates of the nature

nature not only of the wolf and fox, but also of the canine species, insomuch that Pennant seems to think it is not improbable they are the genuine stock of the dog genus. They possess the common distinctive qualities of dogs, are inclined to be tractable, and attached to mankind, love to be caressed, and answer to any name given to them; their natural voice is an howl, and their bark is rather the effect of domestication than their native cadence; their combined howlings, which frequently happen during the night season, are inexpressibly terrific; they are silent in the day, and are capable of being rendered domestic and docile.

The wild schakals assemble in packs, from forty to two hundred in number, for the purpose of hostile depredations, and, from their collected force, become formidable to animals greatly superior in size. They are so eager in quest of prey, they boldly attack animals and poultry in the sight of man; and, when they can find no animated prey, devour leather or any other pliant substance they meet with; they also have such a carnivorous appetite, when they cannot be duly supplied with food, they will dig dead bodies out of the graves, and follow armies and caravans in hopes of obtaining a repast: and so insatiable is their desire for animal sustenance, flesh in its most corrupted state is agreeable to their taste: in consequence of this depraved appetite, such a dreadful stench proceeds from them, it infects every object they approach. This animal is erroneously called the lion's provider, from the opinion it rouses the prey for that noble quadruped, which is supposed to be defective in the article of scent: the cause of this mistake proceeds from the circumstance of the doleful groans of the schakal in the night season, which alarms every beast of prey, who benefit by the general motion those lamentable cries occasion in the animal world, resident in those dreary retreats. The females bring forth but once in the year; their time of gestation is only four weeks, and they have usually six or eight young at a birth. The schakal burrows in the earth, and remains concealed in his subterraneous recess during the day, but issues forth in the night on his destructive migrations: he hunts by the instinctive impulses of scent, with which he is amply endued. This species inhabits all the torrid and temperate regions of Asia, India, Persia, Arabia, Great Tartary, Mount Caucasus, Syria, and the Holy Land, and most parts of Africa, from Barbary to the Cape of Good Hope.

THE CAPESEH.

This animal has erect yellowish brown ears, intermingled with a few scattered black hairs; the head of a yellowish brown, blended with black and white, growing darker towards the hinder parts; the sides of a light brown, varied with dusky hairs; the body and back of the legs of a yellowish brown; the throat, breast, and belly, white; on the neck, shoulders, and back, there is a bed of black, broad on the shoulders, and gradually decreasing till it approaches the tail; when the hairs are smooth, the regions of the neck appear barred with white, and those of the shoulders with white cone-like marks, one within the other, pointing to the back; when the hairs are agitated or ruffled, these marks vanish or become indistinct, and an hoary semblance succeeds; the tail is bushy, and of a yellowish brown, marked on the upper side with a straight stripe of black, and annulated towards the extremity with two black circles, and tipt with white: the length of the animal two feet three-

three-quarters from the head to the base of the tail; the tail one foot long. This species inhabits the countries in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope.

THE SURINAM DOG.

The distinguishing characters of this animal are chiefly his having upright ears; little excrescences or warts on his cheeks, above the eyes, and under the throat; the tongue fringed on the sides; the colour on the upper part of the body greyish, the lower regions white; the tail smooth, and bending downwards; five toes on the fore feet, and four on the hind; the size similar to the dimensions of a common bat: from the testimony of Linnæus, a native of Surinam.

THE ZERDA.

This very singular animal was a non-descript, till Mr. Skioldebrand, the late Swedish consul at Algiers, transmitted an account of its form and dimensions. Buffon denominates it "the anonymous animal:" but Pennant specifies, by the Moors, it is called zerda. It has a very pointed visage; long whiskers; large bright black eyes; very large ears, of a bright rose colour, interlined with long hairs, the auricular orifice so small as not to be perceptible, and is probably covered with a membraneous valve; the legs and feet similar to those of a dog; the tail taper; and the colour between a straw and pale brown; the length from nose to tail ten inches; the ears three inches and a half long; the tail six; and the height not five. These species inhabit the deserts of Saara which extend beyond Mount Atlas; they burrow in the sandy ground, which proves the important necessity of the valve which covers their oral orifice; they are so swift, they are but seldom taken alive; they feed on insects, particularly young locusts; and, like the squirrel, and many other animals, are watchful, and bark like a dog, but in a shriller tone; seldom exert their voice but in the night; and are never observed to be playful: that from which the above description was taken ate bread or boiled meat, and received it freely from the hand. The genus of this class of animals is not ascertained, but it is placed here on account of its near resemblance in form and manners to the canine genera.

M. de Buffon ascribes to it a different clime and habitudes, on the authority of Mr. Bruce; as he expressly says it is found to the south of the Palus Tritonidis in Lybia, that it participates of the nature of the squirrel and hare, lives on the palm trees, and feeds on fruit.

Thus ends the discussion on the various animals comprehended in the dog genu. To each individual, I have not the least doubt, your ladyship will ascribe its proper merits, and, in their respective varied qualities, exalt your ideas to the inexhaustible fountain, from whence they flow: this never-failing source is the only object of contemplation which does not satiate, and for ever presents new cause of admiration and wonder to our view. That this assertion will be verified in the progress of our researches, is the firm opinion of your ladyship's ever faithful

EUGENIA.

LETTER IX.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ——.

THE gradual processes of animated nature exhibit regular and congrous proofs of mild or ferocious qualities; those of the latter kind, which exist in the canine genus, are exceeded in malignant efficacy by the

the comparative fierceness which is the leading trait of the hyæna genus, the distinctive qualities of which are, six cutting teeth, and two canine, in each jaw; four toes on each foot; a short tail; and a transverse orifice immediately under it, above the common aperture.

THE STRIPED HYÆNA.

The hyæna in size resembles a large dog or wolf, but has a shorter head, longer legs, and is of a squarer construction; his ears are straight, sharp, and naked; his mane upright; his shoulders high; his fore legs longer than the hind; the hair on the body tolerably long, and of a coarse rough texture, of an ash colour, marked with long black stripes from the back downwards; the tail sometimes plain, but often barred with black; the legs striped with black, in a cross direction.

This animal is of a savage, solitary nature, and chiefly dwells in the recesses of mountains or rocks, or in dens which he forms for himself in the ground. He is so rapacious in his appetite, he sometimes attacks men, and spreads great devastation amongst every species of cattle: his ardent search of prey often induces him to force his entrance into stables, and other inclosures, to seize their harmless inhabitants; and, when he fails in finding objects to satisfy his desires, he tears the dead bodies out of their graves: when urged by necessity, and destitute of animal food, he will eat the roots of plants and other vegetable productions. This formidable animal defies the lion, and boldly encounters the ounce and panther; his eyes sparkle in the dark, and his organs of sight have a quicker perception in the night than in the day: his voice, according to the testimony of many respectable authors, resembles the lowing of a calf; others assert, it is a disagreeable compound of growling and a terrific roar.

The hyæna inhabits the mountains of Caucasus, and the Altaic chain, Asiatic Turkey, Syria, Persia, and Barbary. Various extraordinary qualities were ascribed by the ancients to the hyæna; such as, that he had the craft and ingenuity to imitate the human voice, to fascinate and call upon the shepherds by name, and to inspire the shepherdesses with love, in order to seize their flocks: it must be remembered these erroneous opinions were fabricated in the periods of gross superstition and implicit credulity, therefore must be regarded as fabulous.

The next and only species of this genus of animals is

THE SPOTTED HYÆNA.

This animal is considerably larger than the kind just described, and is also possessed of a superior degree of strength. It has a large flat head; above each eye some straggling long hairs; on each side of the nose very long whiskers; a short black mane; the ears a little pointed and short; and the hair on the body short and smooth; the face and upper part of the head black; the body and limbs of a reddish-brown hue, marked with distinct black spots; the hind legs barred with black transverse marks; the tail short, black, and thickly clothed with hair.

This animal is so strong, he can seize a man, and convey him a league or two without stopping in his course. It is remarkable, both of the hyæna species, from the circumstance of their fore legs being longer than the hind, appear as if they were lame when they fly with precipitation.

The spotted hyæna inhabits Guinea, Ethiopia, and the Cape; has similar habitudes to its kindred species;

cies; but, from its magnitude and consequent destructive operations, is of a more formidable, terrific nature. This is, unquestionably, the same animal M. de Buffon specifies to have been discovered in the Ethiopic isle of Meroë.

From the above specimens, your ladyship will perceive what ample cause there is for thankfulness, that animals of such a destructive tendency should not be numerous in their species, or generally diffused on the surface of the terraqueous globe. By being confined to desert regions, they but rarely exercise their malignant efforts to the prejudice of the human species; and, no doubt by the restraining power of Providence, their depredations are confined within certain bounds; as, exclusive of this effectual check, various species of animals would be annihilated, and a consequent chasm ensue in the systematic order of nature. The evident provision that is made for the preservation of every class of animals affords a pleasing type and perpetual memento of the constant effects every, the most inconsiderable, of human beings experience of this universal protection; in the acknowledgement of which, I have no doubt, your ladyship will ardently join with your sincere and affectionate EUGENIA.

(*To be continued.*)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

NOTHING is now so fashionable as the straw-hat. It is worn plain, with the flower called *volubilis*, or painted in arches and shells, green or violet colour, indented round the edge with the plaited straw, or trimmed round the shape with ribband, and ornamented with an *aigrette* of *Sparterie*. Feathers are worn, so ingeniously contrived as to resemble *papillons*. The ribbands are clouded or striped. These latter are *nankin*. The collared handkerchief, called the *fichu-chemise*, is succeeded by the ordinary handkerchief. It is of silk in stripes or flowers, white upon a red ground. The medallion called *breviaires*, and the large chains called *sautoirs*, are still the fashion. The veils are worn very long, of plain muslin, or Mechlin lace.

Although straw-hats are in high esteem, head-dresses in hair have their partisans. So many charms are found in the *marmotte* handkerchief, that of a night-cap, an elegant day head-dress is made by the addition of a little silk handkerchief.— The hair that falls upon the face is so long, and that of the *chignon* so short, that the wigs look as if the wrong side were turned foremost. Whether the robes be muslin or silk, the sleeves are always different from the shape. They are plaited in a double bracelet. The prevailing colour of silks is pale yellow. Plain stuffs are in more general use than flowered or striped. Black and white crapes have returned into favour, and are trimmed with foliage in satin *appliquè*. For undress are used tunics, with a *chemise* collar. Although the *costumè* of children is less liable to change than that of women or men, it has however experienced some variations. Instead of round caps, we see hood-casques and hunting-caps. The trowsers have been succeeded by Turkish pantaloons; and the waistcoats, instead of entering the pantaloons, are loose, like Turkish dresses, and embroidered in the hussar style. The gentlemen wear the collars of their coats long and large, with raised plaits at equal distances, in imitation of the bars of a ladder. The buttons resemble little bells, and hence are called *grelots*. The cravats are tied on one side, and the bosom of the shirt is displayed with

a few plaits. A book is the medallion in most general esteem among the ladies.

ADDRESS *to* VANITY.

HAIL, Vanity! thou eccentric goddess, who presidest over our manners, fashions, and amusements. It is to thee we owe those elegant refinements which embellish society! Incited by thee, the sprightly virgin offers her tresses, beautiful as those of Belinda, a sacrifice to the caprice of thy hand-maid Fashion, and envelopes her pericranium in a succinct frizzled wig, curled *à la Brutus*. In vain the poet tunes his lyre to celebrate the power of beautiful ringlets: in vain he says

> "Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
> And beauty draws us with a single hair."

Thy mandate, O Vanity! must be obeyed: or if a presumptuous fair-one will retain her beautiful hair, she must wear it unseen, till, at some future period, when thou deignest thy permission, she may open her filiceous masked batteries to the discomfiture of many a coxcomb. It was thou who invented the entangling net worn by the fair;—to thee those lovely fishers of men owe this expedient. See what beaux and heroes flutter in the toils of beauty. Allured by bright eyes, they approach the lovely idol, and the sable meshes of fashion enwrap them. To thee, O Vanity! the military hero is indebted for all his graces so irresistibly charming in the eyes of the woman of fashion: thou adjustest his waving plume, his glittering epaulets, his gorget, and his sword-knot; thou regulatest his measured strut, and givest expression to every muscle of his formidable face. Thou it is who pointest the lightning of his tremendous eye, "that speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke, and bounce;" thou instructest him to lead his fair partner in the dance, while her little heart, actuated by thee, throbs with vivacity.

The flippant *petit-maître*, inspired by thee, slanders the fair fame of virtuous beauty, and derides decency. Thou, O goddess! excitest a blush even in the face of masculine Impudence himself, if inadvertently one sentiment of piety should escape his lips, and raise the laugh of fashionable levity at his expense.—The modern philosopher, illumined by thy inspiring smiles, boldly steps forward in defiance of every institution human and divine; he derides revelation, convinced that thou alone art the true object of rational adoration. The wise precepts that issue from his lips are dictated by thee. O Vanity! human reason has become thy auxiliary; and the inventive powers of wit and genius assert thy authority. The theophilanthropists and illuminati of the continent are outdone by thy priests and priestesses in this renowned city. The enlightened free-thinker, actuated by thee, proves, by incontrovertible arguments, that there is no paradise but thine; that the present moment is all we can call our own; and, by giving unrestrained indulgence to the passions, wins over myriads to espouse thy cause, and rallies them around thy standard. See how Superstition flies aghast before thy innumerable battalions! nay, even the lovers of truth are put to flight before thy invincible defenders! The hypocrite and the fanatic join the victorious throng, and with malignant aspersions vilify virtue. They unite their voices with the general acclamation in thy favour, and exclaim: "Frivolity, thou art our idol: deism and fanaticism are alike sustained by thee!"

The rout and the masquerade are crowded with thy votaries; nay, the dread

dread of ridicule compels even the serious part of the community to conceal their queer notions, and smile with affected complacency on thy votaries.

Thy reign, O goddess! over the passions and the minds of men is almost universal in this great city: even Mammon himself, who, next to thee, seems to share the adoration of the admiring throng,—even Mammon is obliged to yield his precious hoards as an offering on thy altars.

The theatres resound with the hymn of thy worshippers: there ghosts are conjured from the world unknown to minister to thee;—spectres stalk before thy altars;—heroes chaunt in recitative; and heroines expire in song for thy amusement.

But it is in the palace of the great that thou art ministered to with superior elegance: there Fashion presides—there titled dames and noble virgins pay thee peculiar honours.

The *fête* is honoured with thy presence, O gracious Vanity! and all the enchantment of extravagant voluptuousness is exhibited there.

To thee the ladies of the *ton* sacrifice their treasures with generous profusion. In those nocturnal entertainments, Art performs prodigies; temporary arbours, saloons, and temples, are erected, as if by magic: those superb scenes are adorned with lustres, perfumed with aromatics, and filled with sounds of sweetest melody; a numerous train of thy adorers, of both sexes, animate the scene; they dance before thee, and Affectation presides in the ceremonious assembly.

Such are the elegant amusements of the fashionable world, who are universally devoted to thee, and careless of consequences: the polite man of fashion resigns his mansion and his coffers to the management of his dear yoke-fellow. The beautiful arbitresses of dissipation shine with a meteor-like lustre, and emulate each other in modish extravagance to a degree scarcely equalled by Cleopatra herself.

No language can express the universality of thy power in the gay world, O beloved Vanity! Even antiquated dames forsake their prayer-book, fly to the toilet, and beautify their shrivelled faces with lotions bestowed by thee.

Thou, O goddess! invertest the order of things, turning the day of the fashionable world into night, and their night into day. Thy power is unbounded; and Affectation, thy favourite hand-maid, attends thy steps, as thou movest along, dispensing thy favours to mortals.

J. P.

On fatal ACCIDENTS *from* FIRE.

"Maxima cautela non nocet."

ACCIDENTS from fire too often involve lives and property in one common ruin, and the carelessness of an individual spreads destruction over a whole neighbourhood.

Were every parish (as in other countries) bound to make good the damage, disasters of this nature would be less frequent.

Within these three months past, we have heard, with horror and surprise, of thirty terrible instances of women and children burnt to death by inadvertently suffering their clothes to catch fire!

That many of these disasters might have been prevented, or their dreadful effects greatly alleviated, had attention been previously paid to the rules laid down by Dr. Fothergill, in his *Preservative Plan* lately published, cannot be doubted.

This valuable tract, written with the humane view of lessening the sum of human misery, appears to me

me so *truly interesting* that I shall order it to be read twice a year, not only to my own family, but to all my scholars, and hope other masters will do the same. MAGISTER.

London, April 2, 1800.

LADIES' DRESSES *on his* MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, *June* 4.

HER MAJESTY was magnificently attired in a lilac crape petticoat, ornamented with lilac crape drapery over the right corner, tastefully drawn up in festoons, with five superb diamond bands, composed of collets, and fifteen large brilliant roses and stars, at equal distances on the bands; these bands were terminated at bottom with four very magnificent bows and tassels of diamonds and large pearls, from which were also suspended festoons of beautiful pearls in wreaths; over the left side flowed two corners of lilac crape, edged with diamond chains and pearls, with pearl tassels at bottom, and fastened at the pocket-holes with a superb diamond and pearl bow: all the diamonds and pearl bands and chains were displayed to great advantage, by being placed on wreaths of purple jessamine leaves, with wreaths of the same, and real silver fringe and laurel across the bottom of the coat; body and train of purple and silver gauze, trimmed with wreaths of purple jessamine leaves, and real silver fringe. Her majesty wore a superb diamond stomacher and necklace, and a beautiful diamond bouquet; her head-dress was chiefly composed of a magnificent diamond bandeau, with brilliant drops of immense value; in short, her majesty's whole dress was never decorated with such a profusion of diamonds and pearls, and in point of value greatly surpassed any thing of the sort ever displayed in this or any other kingdom.

Princess of Wales was attired in a most superb petticoat of real silver net over white satin, ornamented with wreaths of silver flowers, and white jessamine leaves; over the left corner flowed part of her royal highness's white crape train, richly ornamented with real silver fringe and plumes, and full-dress tassels, suspended by real silver lace net festooned; a rich silver fringe round the bottom of petticoat and pocket-holes, ornamented with full plaited real silver spangled lace and laurel; the train of white crape, and body and sleeves covered with real silver net, ditto Circassian tops, looped up with bands and rosets of diamonds: her head-dress consisted of a grand display of diamonds, with a necklace of the same.

Princess Augusta was decorated in a purple crape petticoat, embroidered with silver spangles, over the right corner of which flowed a double drapery, differently spangled, with richly embroidered borders of silver foil and spangles, drawn in festoons with bunches of fancy foil flowers; the left corner was also ornamented with a small embroidered drapery, and a silver fringe round bottom of coat, and dress cord and tassels to pocket-holes; body and train of purple and silver gauze, trimmed with silver fringe; cap consisted of silver net, over lilac satin, richly spangled, and tassels of the same; the bandeau a chain of diamonds, with a plume of feathers, three white and two lilac, fastened with diamond stars. In the choice of this cap was displayed great taste and elegance.

Princess Elizabeth.—A white crape petticoat, embroidered with silver spangles, and a very rich embroidered border, ornamented with double draperies, and corner like princess

cess Augusta's, of plain spangling and embroidered borders, drawn up with bunches of flowers, a real silver fringe round bottom, and cord and dress tassels at pocket-holes; body and train of white and silver gauze, trimmed with silver fringe.

Princess Mary.—A blue crape petticoat, embroidered with silver spangles, over the right corner of which flowed a double drapery, differently spangled with rich embroidered borders of silver foil and spangles, drawn up in festoons with bunches of blue and silver foil flowers, a small embroidered drapery flowed over the left corner of the petticoat, the bottom of which was ornamented with silver fringe; body and train of blue and silver gauze, trimmed with fringe.

Princess Amelia was elegantly attired, in a petticoat composed of two silver embroidered white crape draperies over lilac satin, the one ornamented with wreaths of lilac and green leaves, and the other tastefully drawn up in festoons, with real silver laurel, and fastened with bunches of lilac flowers, with bows of real silver colberteen at pocket-holes, and rich silver cord and tassels, tied up with two branches of lilacs; the under or middle drapery was of real silver spangled net, with a beautiful wreath of lilac flowers and green leaves drawn across, and a wreath of the same round the bottom of the petticoat; lilac tissue body and train, trimmed with silver fringe.

We were sorry to hear that indisposition prevented princess Sophia from appearing at the drawing-room.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester was superbly dressed in French grey sarsnet, petticoat richly embroidered, with spangled wreaths, in diamonds, festoons of silver fastened with bunches of roses, and silver flowers at the bottom, with wreaths of blue roses, suspended with silver tassels, ornamented; the petticoat appeared to be one entire glare of silver; the robe was grey and silver tissue, trimmed with silver.

Duchess of York.—Yellow petticoat, beautifully ornamented with painted brown and lilac flowers, richly embroidered with silver spangles and tassels, and a deep silver fringe; and on the left side a sash, looped with brilliants; a yellow crape train, richly embroidered with silver; her sleeves looped with diamonds.

Princess of Orange.—A green sarsnet petticoat, with a handsome Brussels lace thrown over, embroidered in green foil; the train a mixture of blue and green.

Dowager Duchess of Rutland wore a white crape petticoat, with a lilac drapery, covered with elegant point lace festoons, with tassels of beads, and lace fringe; her train of lilac crape, ornamented with lace to match head-dress, with wreaths of diamonds and feathers.

Dowager Duchess of Leeds.—A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered with silver sprigs, drapery of white crape, ornamented, and drawn up in festoons with white roses, silver cord and tassels.

Duchess of Devonshire.—A blue crape petticoat, richly embroidered in silver stripes, with a superb drapery of Brussels lace; the mantua richly embroidered in spangles; the head ornamented in blue spangled crape, and blue ostrich feathers.

Duchess of Gordon.—A Devonshire brown crape petticoat, embroidered with spangles and foil, silver cord and tassels; the train, handkerchief, and cape of the same colour, and trimmed with silver.

Marchioness of Salisbury.—A most superb gold gauze petticoat covered with crape, ornamented with fancy drapery in pearl and crape, neat

pearl

pearl tassels; the mantua white crape.

The Countess of Cardigan.—A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered with gold spangles, and perpendicular stripes of rose-coloured satin ribband, ornamented with a rich real gold fringe, and real gold laurel, festooned at the pocket-holes; white crape body, and train trimmed with rose ribband and gold fringe.

The Countess of Carlisle.—A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered with silver spangles and rings, with white velvet spots, studded with spangles in the centre of each ring; these were supported with stems of silver pearl, in imitation of silver spangle leaves, the whole forming perpendicular stripes, with silver spangling between each stripe; a rich real silver fringe round the bottom; and the pocket-holes ornamented with real silver laurel; body and train of light blue sarsnet, trimmed with silver fringe.

The Countess of Chatham wore a silver gauze petticoat, with embroidered wreaths of green foil leaves spangled, and handsome tassels; silver fringe gauze train, ornamented with silver and green foil fastened on in a new style, with sprigs of green foil to correspond, which gave great elegance to her ladyship.

Countess Temple.—The most superb dress, which was white crape petticoat, richly embroidered with silver, silver net cords and tassels, deeply forming an elegant border, with a broad silver fringe; drapery trimmed with blond lace; a robe to correspond, striped with silver net; Vandyke's head-dress, black velvet, diamonds and feathers.

Viscountess Broome.—A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered in stripes of silver spangles, and a border at bottom of purple ribband, beautifully embroidered *en chêne d'argent*, and branches of satin silver leaves. The drapery of white crape, superbly embroidered in large silver and purple stars. The train, silver cord and tassels.

Lady Huntingfield.—A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered with silver spangles, and shaded green foil, in perpendicular wavy stripes, and silver spangling between each stripe; a broad real silver fringe, headed with light green foil round the bottom of the petticoat, the whole ornamented with festoons of real silver laurel cord and tassels; body and train of light green crape, trimmed with real silver fringe, embroidered Circassian tops, and real silver bands to sleeves.

Lady Montfort.—White crape petticoat, richly embroidered with chains of silver and lilac, looped up with lilies of the valley; drapery lilac crape, embroidered with silver fringed lilac; robe and train, ornamented with silver, to correspond.

Lady Newborough.—Petticoat of white crape, strewed over with gold wheat ears, with a most beautiful sash, richly embroidered in green and gold, ornamented with gilt cord and tassels; the bottom a most magnificent border, embroidered to correspond; body and train of white, with an elegant embroidery all round of wheat ears. This dress was much admired.

Lady Shuldham.—A yellow crape petticoat, richly embroidered at the bottom with a border of true lovers' knots and branches of leaves, richly embroidered in silver; the top of the petticoat elegantly ornamented with topazes and diamonds; the train of yellow crape, richly embroidered in festoons of spangles and algerbes, silver cords and tassels; the train of yellow crape, richly trimmed with silver.

The Lady Mayoress.—A blue crape petticoat, richly embroidered with silver, with a most superb wreath

wreah of silver hops across the drapery, fastened on the left with a rich embroidered sash, silver cords and tassels; body and train blue and silver: this was one of the most elegant dresses that appeared at court.

General Observations.

The dresses were mostly of crape, superbly embroidered, and ornamented with bunches of flowers and leaves. The caps that were worn were mostly open, so as to admit the braids of hair through them.—Feathers were universal, and the hair without powder.

The prevailing colours were lilac, yellow, green, and some slate colours: Chamberry muslins were much worn; also coloured crape and flowers. The hair was dressed in the Grecian style, without powder, to show the back of the neck, in bows, fastened with combs of diamonds, gold, &c. The front of the neck rather more covered than has lately been the fashion; ear-rings chiefly drop diamonds.

Scarcely a lady appeared without a wreath of diamonds or pearls; some caps, richly spangled and trimmed with silver Vandykes were worn; they looked very beautiful. Several Paradise plumes also appeared. Bandeaus were much worn, and a profusion of feathers, diamonds, topazes, and antiques, were general. The gentlemen wore buff-coloured silk stockings.

The MONKS *and the* ROBBERS; A TALE.

By A. Percy.

(*Continued from p.* 120.)

AND, indeed, it seemed so, as he risked the one in obtaining the other; that renown was more valuable than existence; death more welcome than dishonour, the slightest stain of which his spirit could not brook. He felt withal that it was incumbent on him, as the heir of an ancient and illustrious house, to preserve its honour unblemished: and not merely to preserve, but merit, by his sword and his own efforts, the honourable distinction his forefathers had obtained. He therefore eagerly sought out opportunities of exerting his valour and address, which so much distinguished him, that he was esteemed the bravest and most accomplished of those youthful cavaliers who had, like him, newly commenced their career in arms. All the dangers and the difficulties that are inseparable from a life of warfare; the hardships of fatigue, of hunger, and of thirst, which soldiers frequently endure, he sustained with the patient firmness of a warrior brought up in tents, and enured to all the rigours of a camp. In the first events of the war, the vigour, perseverance, courage, and enterprise he displayed attracted the notice of his sovereign, who having, in divers actions, further marked the martial energy and gallant spirit of the youth, conferred on him, in the field of battle, the honours of knighthood.

From this period his thirst of military glory seemed increased; but, great as was its influence over him, there were moments when he felt (but it was when ambition slept in his bosom and only love awaked) that he could forsake the stirring and tumultuous scenes of war, the noise of camps and battles, though they were music to his sense,—and the career he had so nobly begun,—to behold his Juliet, and to unite his fate with her's; a reward which he anxiously longed to receive, and oft thought on with inconceivable rapture. His dreams frequently wore the impression of his waking thoughts; and

and as the latter pictured the shape and features of her he loved, so withal did the former, but in stronger colours. In his sleep the air-drawn figure of Juliet oft-times rose to his view, beauteous as an angel, gentle as the spring, smiling on him with enchanting tenderness, and yielding to his fond embrace: with rapturous fondness he pressed her to his bosom; he felt her touch; he heard the sweet accents of her voice, which thrilled through every fibre of his frame; gazed upon her blushing countenance till every sense was lost in love and transport, and poured forth the effusions of his ardent passion.

Now as he approached the lovely object of these visions, the emotions that he felt when he pondered on them, increased. Favourable winds as yet attended the voyage, and in a few days they expected to reach their destined port, when the sky grew black with stormy clouds, the thunder began to roll at a distance, the lightning to gleam, and the waves to rise in mountains. The storm increased, and wild confusion overspread the deep; the thunder now broke in loud and repeated claps; the lightning blazed around in vivid and quick succeeding flashes, and the wind blew a hurricane. The fury of the elements rendered the skill of the mariners useless. All that day and the succeeding night the vessel drove with the storm, till towards morning it struck upon a rock, and in a few minutes was half filled with water. Heavy and tremendous seas now broke over the wreck, sweeping many into the foaming ocean, and threatening the survivors with the same fate. As the morning rose, all the horrors of approaching dissolution appeared before them: the storm still raged with unabated fury: the hind part of the vessel was now under water, and over the other huge and mountainous waves beat with the utmost violence. By one of these Manfredi was dashed overboard, and Rudolpho, in endeavouring to save his friend, shared the same fate, and both were quickly overwhelmed by immense waves. The few that remained alive, when the raging of the elements had subsided, were taken on board one of the vessels which had sailed with them till they were separated in the storm.

From these men the fate of Manfredi and Rudolpho were known. Juliet heard the tale, and, overcome with grief, sunk senseless in the arms of Rodigona. Long did she remain in that condition, in spite of the attempts that were made to recover her; and when at length her senses resumed their functions, and her recollection returned, how dreadful was the prospect that unfolded itself to her mind! All her joys were at once cut off, her peace of mind for ever ruined, and every hope she had fondly cherished in one moment destroyed. Life had now no charms for her; the loss of those she loved rendered it a burden almost insupportable. Deprived of hope and happiness, and oppressed with anguish inexpressibly acute, her heart sunk within her, and she wished for death to release her from a life in which she now looked for nought but sorrow. All the pleasing pictures which her imagination had represented of happiness were at once dispersed, and succeeded by a train of ideas which were now as cheerless and depressing as they were before agreeable and encouraging. Oft-times did her fancy take a retrospective view of past scenes, which every object she beheld powerfully brought to her remembrance; and with a melancholy kind of satisfaction did she

dwell

dwell upon the many happy hours she had passed with her father or Rudolpho: then, from reflections on the past, her thoughts turned to consider the future; and, while on that she ruminated, her bosom heaved with extreme sorrow, and the tears flowed down her cheeks. But for the friendly consolations and soothing attentions of the Lady Rodigona, who forgot her own sorrows to relieve Juliet's, she had sunk beneath the agonies of her mind; as it was, her health suffered considerably. The Lady Rodigona had been accompanied to Manfredi's residence by her husband the Lord Tancred; but when his brother had departed, he left his lady with Juliet, and, attracted by the love of pleasure, hasted to Palermo, somewhat elated with a latent hope that Manfredi might never more return; yet his lips were scarce closed since he had called on Heaven to preserve his brother's life. But dissimulation was the leading trait of Tancred's character; he could dress his countenance in smiles, while his heart swelled with the malice of a fiend. He felt no gratitude that his brother had more than once extricated him from the pecuniary difficulties which his dissipated course of life had involved him in; but that he carefully concealed, and rounded such a plausible tale as blinded the penetration of the unsuspicious Manfredi; so well, indeed, had he conducted himself, that when the stories which were circulated to his discredit reached his brother, they met with no belief. For some time past he had resided on an estate that he possessed in a distant part of the kingdom; and, as it was near Palermo, he oft resorted thither, and partook of the vicious pleasures which abound in that licentious capital. Shortly after he heard of his brother's death, he set forward to take possession of that part of his domains which, with the title, he was heir to. He was not without hopes of obtaining the remainder: it was true there was an obstacle which he had thought insurmountable, but he soon was convinced that he had misconceived the matter, and counted that uncertain which was no more than a mole-hill; to remove which, he had learnt a never-failing means.

(To be continued.)

THE CORSICANS.

(Continued from page 259.)

Act III. Scene I.

A Hall in the Castle.

Rose: a Servant.

[The Servant is busy in the room; Rose comes in crying.]

Servant.

WHAT is the matter, Miss Rose?

Rose. Nothing.

Servant. Why then do you cry?

Rose. What is that to you?

Servant. I am sorry to see such a pretty girl cry.

Rose. If I am pretty, that is nothing to you.

Servant. How cross you are!

Rose. Where is Miss Natalia?

Servant. With her father.

Rose. Dear John! be so good as to call her;—tell her I have something to say to her which is of consequence.

Servant. You do not deserve it of me; but I love you for all that—I will go and tell her. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

Rose alone.

He says I am pretty;—I am afraid he does not tell the truth, for Mr. Muller never told me so. If I were pretty, and not so ignorant, he would not go away and leave us. *(Sighing)*. It is a pity the world is so wide, and that people can ramble about so much in it! Here are wild waters, and there steep mountains, woods, and robbers. He may be drowned, fall down a precipice, lose his way, be robbed, and perhaps murdered. Then I shall never see him again so long as I live.—O! I could wish that he still continued to be ill! They were happy days when he was ill!

SCENE III.

Natalia, Rose.

Natalia (hastily and alarmed). What is the matter Rose? You are crying! Good heavens! what has happened?

Rose. He will go.

Natalia. Who?

Rose. How ill-natured!—He is but just well; and yet away he will go, and in such a hurry, as if he had lost his wits.

Natalia. Where is he going to?

Rose. O! I do not know—the world is wide enough to be sure.

Natalia. Are you sure he is going?

Rose. He is packing every thing up.

Natalia. To-day?

Rose. He will be ready to set off in an hour's time.

Natalia. Run, then, immediately,—tell him I wish to speak to him, and will meet him in the chesnut-walk.

Rose. But he will not meet you, nor speak to you, I dare say.

Natalia. Not meet me, nor speak to me!

Rose. No!—I have just now myself begged of him to stay; "Dear Mr. Muller," said I, "do pray stay with us: I should think you might make yourself very happy here.—Every body loves you, and I especially; and so does my dear, good, young mistress ——"

Natalia. Pho! what nonsense! And what did he say?

Rose. He said, "I cannot stay!" and then he clapped his hands to his forehead, and said something to himself that I could not understand—When I saw him bring out his portmanteau, I am sure it went to my heart.—"Do speak to Miss Natalia first," said I. "You have scarcely recovered your strength; and what will become of you when you come to be among strangers who care nothing for you. You may, perhaps, be taken sick in some miserable village; perhaps among heretics, without any body to attend you or nurse you, without a clergyman to comfort you;—should you be struck with death!—Oh, my dear young mistress, I am sure, will never let you go!—Do speak to her."

Natalia. And did he say he would not?

Rose. Yes, he said he would not by any means; he had spoken to you too often already.

Natalia. Go! run—watch him! never lose him. I will endeavour to get out unobserved, and within half an hour I will be in the garden.

Rose. Very right—I will hang on his arm,—I will hold him by his coat; and, if he is offended, I will tell him you bid me. [*Going.*

Natalia (aside). Good heavens! how shall I act?

Rose (returns). I had almost forgot,—here is a note for you.

Natalia. From him!

Rose. He wrote it on the mount.

Natalia,

Natalia. Begone! quick! *(She opens the note and reads it aside).* "The wretch who dared to love you now punishes himself, and flies; happy if you vouchsafe him forgiveness, and proud if you condescend to pity him." *(She appears in the utmost agitation, walks for a while hastily up and down, then tears a leaf out of her pocket-book, writes a few words on it, and gives it to Rose).* Give him that.

Rose. Will he stay when he has read it?

Natalia. Perhaps he will; at least till the evening.

Rose. A reprieve!

Natalia. My father will go to bed about nine o'clock, and immediately after I shall be in the chesnut-walk.

Rose. But if he should be gone then?

Natalia. My good girl, if you love me, you must not let him go.

Rose. Ah! I wish I could keep him!—I love you dearly, but I love myself better. [*Runs out.*

Scene IV.

Natalia alone.

What have I done!—A rendezvous! — and in the evening!—Should that be known!—especially to my father!—Love and fear, duty and gratitude. — Alas! my poor heart!

Scene V.

Enter Ottilia.

Ottilia. Dear sister! your father is displeased that you are not come back.

Natalia. Ah, Ottilia! I have again done a foolish thing.

Ottilia. I told you the first would not be the last.

Natalia. He is resolved to leave us.

Ottilia. Who?—your hero.

Natalia. He loves me!

Ottilia. And has declared his passion?

Natalia. Read. [*Gives her the note.*

Ottilia (after having read it). He acts prudently.

Natalia. Away with such cold prudence!

Ottilia. He acts nobly!

Natalia. Very nobly, indeed! first to save the life of a poor girl, distract her head, and win her heart, and then leave her!—Very nobly, truly!

Ottilia. But what can be done?

Natalia. If he goes, he will be a beggar, and I shall die of a broken heart.

Ottilia. And if he stays?

Natalia. If he stays!—Oh, Ottilia! if he stays!—Time and love have worked many a miracle.

Ottilia. Poor girl! Do you own that nothing but a miracle can save you?

Natalia. The only thing that no treasure can purchase, he possesses;—all the rest money may procure.

Ottilia. Can it procure your father's blessing too?—You know him.

Natalia. I do know him—He loves me.

Ottilia. But he, perhaps, is still fonder of his principles, which he is grown old in the love of.

Natalia. Mere prejudices!

Ottilia. So much the worse: people are frequently more obstinately attached to prejudices than to principles.

Natalia. Shall I tell you what I have dreamed?

Ottilia. First a miracle, and then a dream!—Oh love, love!

Natalia. Do not jeer. The steward and his son are different persons from what they seem to be. The manner in which the former applied here for employment; the air with which he accepted it; the education of

of his son, and a thousand other circumstances of apparently little importance, that can only be felt——

Ottilia. It is very true; and I must confess, that, if that be your dream, I have myself dreamed somewhat of the same kind. But——

Natalia. O! let me hear of no but, till I have spoken to him.

Ottilia. You will not, surely.

Natalia. Why not?

Ottilia. When?—Where?

Natalia. This evening; in the garden.

Ottilia. And your father——

Natalia. He will be asleep.

Ottilia. But decency ——

Natalia. He has ventured his life for me; and shall I stand upon punctilios?

Ottilia. But with what view would you meet him?

Natalia. I wish to know who he is—to request him to tell me what is his real rank in life.

Ottilia. But suppose we should be mistaken, and he should be no more than he seems to be.

Natalia. Then—O sister!—then is my peace of mind for ever lost.

Ottilia. Save then, at least, your reputation.

Natalia. You shall go with me; you shall be a witness.

Ottilia. If you desire it, I will.

Natalia. His heart and mine fear no witnesses.

Ottilia. Hush! your father is coming;—we had quite forgot him.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Count.

Count. So; this is mighty well, children; you have both forsaken me, and left me quite alone.

Ottilia. You were so intent on your maps.

Count. Yes; I must assist a little in managing the operations of the campaign *(jocosely)*. I have thrown a couple of bridges over the Danube, and ordered a body of troops to pass them, and attack the enemy in the rear.

Ottilia. Would it not be better to conclude a peace?

Count. Yes, if the enemy would send us so amicable a negotiator.

Ottilia. The newspapers would then, indeed, be less interesting.

Count. But the harvest and vintage would be more interesting.

Ottilia. Especially when Francis walks with you through the cornfields——

Count. And instead of cutting off the heads of Turks with his sabre, only strikes off the heads of thistles.

Ottilia. And will you still, dear father, conceal from me the intelligence you have received from him?

Count. Yes, a little longer, my dear daughter!

Ottilia. And I am to have another sleepless night?

Count. No.

Ottilia. Shall I know then before night?

Count. Yes.

Ottilia. Give me your word that I shall.

Count. I do. *(Aside)* He will not fail coming I think. *(Aloud and archly)* But that you will sleep the better, in consequence, is more than I can engage for. *(Aside and looking at his watch)* He should be arrived by this time. *(To Natalia)* Why do you stand so melancholy in a corner.

Natalia (starting from a kind of reverie). I!—dear father!

Count. Yes, you, dear daughter! I believe you have not heard a single syllable of our conversation.

Natalia. No!—Yes but I have.

Count. Why, what were we talking about.

Natalia. That a peace may be expected soon.

Count. Yes, the peace that I have negotiated in my closet.—Child! child! what is running in your head?—You used to dance and

sing

sing all day long; and now for this month past I have not so much as heard you hum a tune.

Natalia. Oh! the war!—brother Francis.

Count. Pho! there is war every-where; or were there none, people would die of surfeits;—nay, they may break their necks while on parties of pleasure——

Natalia. As had nearly happened to myself.

Count. Yes, had it not been for young Muller.

Natalia (with a kind of eagerness). Very true! had it not been for him—

Count. The consequences might have been very serious.

Natalia. I should certainly have lost my life. Of that there can be no doubt.

Count. I am only sorry that——

Natalia (hastily). What, dear father?

Count. I have had some discourse with the old man——

Natalia. Concerning his son?

Count. Both the father and son are singular characters. — "Mr. Muller," said I, "your son is a brave fellow, and has done a very noble action."—"That was more than I knew," replied he with great indifference.—"Why, he has saved my daughter's life."—"So I hear, and I am glad of it."—"Was not that a noble action?"—"No; there are no such actions; for all mankind act from selfish motives."

Natalia. I hope you told him—

Count. "But your son," said I, "asks no reward."

Natalia. And consequently is an exception to his misanthropic rule.

Count. That he would not allow —"There is an interest in this case, too," said he, "though no mean sordid interest."

Natalia. What is that?

Count. I asked him the same question;—"I cannot, perhaps, exactly tell," replied he: "the human heart has more folds than a lady's fan; but it is not quite so easily opened. Your daughter is handsome,"—(a curtsey, miss)—"my son is young; he has eyes and a heart,and these alone are sufficient."

Natalia. Pho! Idle talk!

Count. I could not but smile:—"Aye," said I, "if you call that selfishness."—"Why, what else is it?" returned he: "One person sets his heart on hoards of gold, and another on kind glances;—neither deceives; yet the real object with both is dear self. The only difference is, that the self-love of the one is delicate, and requires to be fed with nectar, while the other takes up with a coarser aliment."—In this manner we continued arguing almost an hour; for you know whatever my opinions may be on some subjects, I sincerely and ardently love mankind.

Natalia. He approves, however, this kind of self-love of which his son has given an example.

Count. At last he said,—"My son acts, in reality, from motives of self-interest, as we all do; but when he consents to sell for a reward the pleasure he feels in reflecting that he has performed a good action, his self-interest is of a mean and contemptible kind, and he is no longer my son." In short, our gratitude must take him by surprise; for if it knocks at his door, he will immediately bolt it.

Natalia. I am only afraid he will deprive us of every means of showing our gratitude; for, as I have just now heard, he is going to leave us.

Count. If he does, we shall still have his father with us; and a good son is amply rewarded when he is the cause of happiness to his parents.

Natalia. That is true, but—

Count.

Count. The father will perceive that we are not unmindful of the action of his son.

Natalia. You will then suffer him to go?

Count. Why not? I have no right to detain him.

Natalia. Without proper provision for his journey,—exposed to every kind of want.

Count. I cannot go on the high road, clap a pistol to his breast, and force him to take my money. *(He looks at his watch, and shakes his head).* Hem! hem!

Natalia. What is it o'clock, dear father?

Count. Almost nine. *(Aside)* He must surely come soon.

Natalia (with signs of uneasiness). Is it so late already?

Count (aside). It is not probable that there has been any fresh action to prevent him.

Natalia. Do you chuse any supper to-night?

Count. No.

Natalia. Then give me leave to wish you good-night *(offers to kiss his hand).*

Count. Whither are you going?

Natalia. I am very drowsy.

Count. Pho! pho! See how fine the evening is! how refreshing is the air! I have ordered all the windows of my apartment to be opened —I will go and seat myself in my elbow-chair, and you shall read to me for an hour.

Natalia (startled). Read to you!

Count. Yes, read to me. *(To Ottilia)* You must come along with us too, daughter, and then we shall all be happy.

Natalia. Excuse me, dear father! I am quite hoarse; I have got a cold.

Count. You have caught it very suddenly.

Natalia. No, I have had it these three days.

Count. I have not observed it:—we will then sit with the window open, and listen to the nightingale.

Natalia. With the window open! the evening air ——

Count. Natalia, you know I cannot endure any thing resembling affectation. A girl of your age ought to face all weathers without fear of hurting her delicate nerves. Let me have no more excuses;—I shall expect you. [*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Natalia, Ottilia.

Natalia. This is very fine!

Ottilia. What shall we do now?

Natalia. I promised to be at the place immediately after nine.

Ottilia. Your father will not let us go till midnight.

Natalia (after musing a few moments). There is only one way left.

Ottilia. Which is that?

Natalia. You, my dear Ottilia! shall go in my place.

Ottilia. But your father has expressly desired me to come with you.

Natalia. Oh! I will find an excuse for you. I will say your child has been crying—that he will not go to sleep—that you are uneasy—and that you will come presently.

Ottilia. But I do not know the young man.

Natalia. You have reason to thank me then for giving you an opportunity to become acquainted with him.

Ottilia. But what shall I say to him?

Natalia. What you please—What your friendship for me may suggest. He must wait for me, though it should be till midnight.

Count (behind the scene). Natalia!

Natalia. I am coming directly, dear father! Go, go, dearest sister! I commit my peace of mind into your

your hands.—If you let him go, I shall do a third foolish thing, and go after him. [*Exit.*

Scene VIII.

Ottilia alone.

That would, certainly, be the foolishest of all. I have undertaken this task very unwillingly.—What can be the issue of it?—What shall I say to him?—Though if he should be what Natalia conceives him, my part is——not easy, indeed—but soon learned. I will commend and confirm him in his prudent resolution. I will show him, if he is not convinced of it already, that his continuance here is dangerous to Natalia's happiness. This will be sufficient to induce a youth of noble sentiments to hasten his flight. Thus may this accident have the most salutary effect.—At the same time I may be allowed to think of my own affairs. Perhaps this youth may be more communicative than his father. He is going to travel—perhaps to my native country. He may take letters for me; or make such inquiries as I shall direct. Be quick, Ottilia! a favourable opportunity seems to present itself. [*Exit hastily.*

(To be continued.)

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

Conceiving that the following biographical anecdotes might prove acceptable to many of your readers, I have extracted them from a late French publication, for insertion in your entertaining miscellany. If you think them worthy of acceptance, they will be followed by some others from your humble servant and constant reader, H. W.

Canterbury, June 1, 1800.

Extraordinary Anecdotes *of a Young* Musician.

Jean-Baptiste Raisin, a native of Troyes in the province of Champagne, and by profession an organist, was burdened with a numerous family, besides a coquettish extravagant wife, whose want of œconomy had brought him into distressed circumstances, though himself prudent and œconomic, and possessing considerable abilities in his art. Necessity whetting his industry, he carefully instructed his children in music. Among the number was one who showed remarkable aptness and capacity: it was the youngest, a boy, whom at the early age of three years he already taught to touch the harpsichord; and the tiny performer made a very rapid progress within a few months.

Astonished at the application and success of young Raisin, his father now conceived the project of giving a different complexion to his future fortune. He built his chief hopes on that child; nor was he disappointed in his expectations.

The organist first contrived a spinette of novel construction. It was furnished with three sets of keys, was about three feet in length, and fifty-two inches in breadth.—The belly was double the usual size, for a reason which will appear in the sequel of the story.

When the artist had completed his contrivance, he quitted his native place, and repaired to Paris with his wife and children, having taken good care not to forget his new-invented spinette. Having presented himself at the office of the police, he declared his intention of giving to the public a most curious and extraordinary exhibition, and readily obtained permission to perform at the fair of Saint-Germain.

To fix the attention of a fickle public,

public, it frequently becomes necessary to call in the aid of the marvelous, and sometimes of a little innocent deception. Jean-Baptiste printed and circulated hand-bills, in which he promised that his wonderful instrument should, on his pronouncing certain words, play any tunes that were called for.

His first exhibition attracted an audience so numerous as far as to surpass the most sanguine expectations of the musician. His second was still more encouraging: and his astonishing spinette was considered as a prodigy of mechanism. Its fame rapidly spread through the extensive capital; and people eagerly flocked from all quarters to hear, admire, and applaud.

In the first place, the eldest of Raisin's children, a boy not exceeding the age of five years and a half, sat down with his sister Babet, and his father—each to his own range of keys—and the three musicians together played a concert in the presence of the public. When the piece was finished, they raised their hands above their heads; when another row of keys, moving without hands, repeated the whole symphony from beginning to end, and with a degree of correctness and melody which astonished and delighted the audience.

The better to mislead his auditors, the cunning and ingenious organist had recourse to a most excellent stratagem, which deceived the most knowing among them, and puzzled the very best instrument-makers in the whole city. After the prelude above described, he pretended to wind up his famous machine, which he did by turning a denticulated wheel that made a most dreadful and discordant noise. He appeared to labour very hard at the wince: and the late pleasure of the company was succeeded by sensations of a terrific kind; for, the sounds produced by this manœuvre were so grating and frightful, that one would have suspected a chorus of dæmons to lie concealed in the womb of his magical spinette.

"Pooh!" said many persons present,—"there's no such mighty conjuration in the business: 'tis only a simple foolish contrivance—nothing more than a barrel-organ, with some weights or springs to turn the barrel."

Such was the very idea which the organist wished to encourage, and in which he triumphed. For, suddenly calling away his two children from the instrument, and addressing it in an authoritative tone, "Spinette!" he cried, "play such a tune;" when immediately the obedient spinette paid punctual attention to his command, and performed the piece that had been called for.—Again he said, "Spinette, be silent!" and the spinette ceased to play.—"Spinette, go on," and the spinette began anew. "Spinette, give us a light flourish;" and the spinette poured forth frolic sounds of sportive melody, which wafted delight and rapture to the hearts of all the audience.

Naturally struck with just surprise, and no less delighted, the company alternately stared at the instrument and at each other, exclaiming—"Astonishing! The fellow must certainly be a magician!"

Although the supposed magician understood as little of the black art as any one of his auditors, he collected in less than five weeks above twenty thousand crowns, which now enabled him to live in comfort, and compensated the poverty and distress which he had before suffered.

Meantime the fame of the magical spinette and of its contriver hourly increased, till at length it reached the ears of the reigning monarch, who wished to see the organist

ganist and his instrument, and to regale the queen and the whole court with a specimen of his performance. The musician accordingly repaired to Versailles, resolved to exert every effort to support his lately-acquired reputation. Military marches, tender airs, complex pieces of the best composers, were well executed by the two children, but still more excellently by the invisible performer.

But the organist, too punctually observant of his usual trick—and not reflecting, that, on a change of scene, he ought also to have changed his plan—took care as usual to set his great wheel in motion. The hideous noise with which it filled the royal apartments was so dreadfully grating to the delicate ears of her majesty and the attending ladies, that they shuddered at the din. The queen in particular, more affected than the others, immediately ordered him to open the instrument, and discover what it contained.

The disconcerted musician at first declined obeying, under pretence that he had lost the key. "Well," said the king, "can't somebody break it open?"—Hereupon, Raisin, seised with terror, stammered out some apology, but was forced to comply with the royal will.

When the interior of the spinette was exposed to view, how great the astonishment of all present, to behold a little puppet concealed in the hollow of the instrument, and seated before a row of keys contrived withinside! This discovery explained the mystery of that magical performance which had tortured the sagacity of so many persons in vain attempts to account for it.

The poor little prisoner was speedily released from his confinement, where he was by this time nearly suffocated, having remained much longer shut up than usual in that close box where the air had no circulation. He was moreover quite terrified by the adventure, and ready to faint with terror: but he was gradually revived by the application of the ladies' smelling-bottles.

When the young musician had perfectly recovered from the effects of his confinement and fright, he singly performed for the entertainment of their majesties and the court. While his elder brother beat time, he touched the keys, and played to the entire satisfaction of all present. He was loaded with well-merited encomiums; and such a shower of sweet-meats and louis-d'ors was poured around him, that he and his father were together scarcely able to pick them up.

Finding that the discovery of his secret had not produced an effect so adverse to the success of his projects as he had apprehended, the organist conceived new hopes of yet being able to gain a few more thousands of crowns by means of his little performer and his spinette. He therefore made his appearance again at the fair of Saint-Germain in the following year: he distributed new hand-bills, in which he set forth the brilliant success which he had experienced at court, and concluded by promising a disclosure of his secret.

He accordingly made the disclosure, amid the re-iterated applauses of the public, whose admiration was equally excited by the ingenious industry of the father, and by the extraordinary talents of his children. With unsatisfied curiosity every eye gazed on the youthful performers, but more particularly on the youngest, who, though scarcely exceeding in dimensions a large-sized doll, executed pieces of music equally elegant as difficult. The ladies fondled and caressed him; and each mother wished to possess a child so pretty and engaging, and who

who already displayed such talents and abilities at so tender an age.

In many cases, drinking increases thirst: the thirst of money in vulgar souls, is inflamed by the acquisition; and they seldom are satisfied. Such was the temper of Jean-Baptiste Raisin. He now had in his power to rear his family with decency, and to place himself in a respectable situation, to pass the remainder of his life in comfort and ease, since he was already possessed of above a hundred thousand livres which his youngest child had enabled him to acquire in less than fifteen months. But he knew not how to set bounds to his avaricious desires, and suffered himself to be urged on by the lust of accumulation.

Founding his greedy calculations on the avidity of mankind in general for pleasure and amusement, and daily discovering in his children an increasing aptitude correspondent to the culture which he bestowed on them, the organist felt no shame or scruple to convert them into a company of actors. They soon became qualified for that new profession; and the youngest particularly distinguished himself in it as much as he had already done in music.

Among the pieces which the young company performed, there was one which afforded considerable diversion to the mob, by whom it was very much admired. It was a kind of farce, called "*the live pudding*." The youngest of the organist's children, who acted the chief part in it, played such a number of arch laughable tricks, that the crowd burned with insatiable curiosity to see and hear him.

The little comedian was slim and supple as an eel: which circumstance suggested to his ingenious father the extraordinary idea of encasing him from head to foot in a sheath of light black silk, and giving him the shape and appearance of a large black-pudding, which was served up in a dish at a feast that took place about the conclusion of the third act. The other performers, seated round the table, showed themselves well provided with a good appetite, and heartily did honour to the banquet. After having plentifully eaten of the other dishes, one of the party attacked the black-pudding, cut off several slices from one end, and helped the rest of the company.

After these preliminaries, another of the party proposed to cut the pudding into two halves; which proposition being immediately approved by all present, he set his knife on the middle of it—when, lo! a miracle was performed: the pudding uttered a shrill piercing shriek: the feasters turned pale, trembled, and stared at each other with every demonstration of astonishment. While they sat thus amazed, the pudding began to move, rolled itself over the plates and dishes, fell to the ground, and was soon converted into a young suckling pig, which ran up and down the stage, biting the legs of every person who came in its way.

"Egad, gentlemen!" cries one of the company trembling all the while, "we are no better than arrant fools and cowards. After all, 'tis only a little pig. We have nothing to do but to attack him, and put him on the spit: he will make a nice savoury morsel: let us roast and eat him."

So saying, he advanced one step, and recoiled two. He advanced again; but, at the moment when he was stooping and stretching out his hand to catch the pigling by the tail, a new metamorphosis took place: the pigling was transformed into a little devil, whose countenance was black and hideous, and whose head was ornamented with a large pair of horns. At his side he wore

wore a cutlas, which he suddenly drew from the scabbard, and, running about the stage, inflicted repeated blows on the black-pudding-eaters, who, seised with terror, tumbled all together in a heap, begging ten thousand pardons of the little devil.

On a certain occasion, one of the young actors, exceeding the part allotted to him, concealed under his coat a very sharp iron skewer, which he suddenly drew forth at the moment when he was pursued by the little devil, and, putting himself into a posture of defence, made several violent thrusts at him. But the comedy was now converted into tragedy; for, in the violence of his action, he twice plunged the skewer into the body of his opponent, and mortally wounded him.

"Oh!" cried the poor little sufferer, "I am undone."—He was instantly carried off: every possible assistance was procured for him; but, alas! every effort to save him proved ineffectual. He died the next morning; and his last words were, "I am not angry with him: he did not intend to hurt him: but, oh! what will become of my poor sister?" Here his voice failed him; and that extraordinary child expired in the sixth year of his age, deservedly admired and beloved by all who knew him.

Nor was this the whole of the calamity: for, at the moment when the sad accident happened, his sister, seeing her brother fall mortally wounded, received so violent a shock that she immediately fainted away. On recovering her senses, the affectionate child abandoned herself to lamentations and tears: her grief would admit no consolation: she incessantly repeated her brother's name: by degrees her intellect was impaired; and she died delirious at the age of thirteen years and a half.

The YOUNG MOUNTAINEER.

(Continued from p. 265.)

LETTER XVIII.

Felicia to Eliza.

WHAT language can I find, my dear Eliza! to paint to you my agitation and distress of mind?—Yes! 'tis too true—I can no longer doubt it—Frederic is in love with me! "In love!" Do you feel how dreadful that word sounds, considering our respective situations? Unhappy Frederic! I feel my heart wrung with anguish; yet I cannot shed a single tear. Gracious heaven! why was he invited hither? I knew him—I am well acquainted with his temper: he loves; and it is for life: during the remainder of his days he will bear about with him the painful dart which has inflicted the wound on his bosom. And 'tis I who am the cause of his sufferings! Ah! I feel, I sensibly feel, that there are certain griefs beyond the power of human fortitude to endure. How can I express all this to you? how recall my bewildered ideas? In the present tumultuous perturbation of my soul, I cannot recover a single thought. My dear, dear Eliza! oh! that you were here, and that I had an opportunity of pouring my tears into your bosom!

This afternoon, scarcely had we dined when my husband proposed a walk through the extensive meads which skirt the banks of Loire. I eagerly embraced the proposal:—Adela consented to it with evident reluctance; for she is not fond of walking: but I overlooked her unwillingness, as it would have been improper to have paid exclusive deference on that occasion to her inclinations, when there was question of gratifying those of monsieur de Belleville.

I took out my son with me; and Frederic made one of the party.—The

The weather was delightful: the meadows, shining with fresh verdure, enameled with blooming flowers, and covered with numerous flocks and herds, presented a most charming landscape. I contemplated the prospect in museful silence, slowly following the course of the river, when suddenly an extraordinary noise and uproar awaked me in an instant from my *réverie*.

I turned round to look for the cause, when, lo! a furious bull that had broken loose was rushing at full speed toward us—running directly at my child. I threw myself in the way of the enraged animal, and covered Adolphus with my body.—The quickness of my motion, together with my shrieks, terrified the ferocious brute; he turned in another direction, and violently attacked a poor old man.

At length my husband likewise was on the point of becoming the victim of his rage, if Frederic had not, with the rapidity of lightning, run in to his assistance, and exposed his own life for the sake of rescuing monsieur de Belleville. With vigorous hand he seised the animal by the horns: a struggle ensued,

[*An Engraving illustrative of this passage will appear in a succeeding number.*]

which afforded time for the peasants to come in to our aid: they hastily crowded to the spot, overpowered the bull, and brought him to the ground.

Now at length, for the first time, I heard the shrieks of Adela, and the groans of the poor old peasant. I ran to the latter, and beheld his blood streaming from a frightful wound. I stopped it as well as I could with my handkerchief, and called to Adela to give me hers: she sent it to me by Frederic, saying that she could not think of going near the wounded man, for that the sight of blood gave too violent a shock to her feelings, and that she would return home.

"What!" exclaimed Frederic—"return home without assisting that wretched sufferer?"

"Are there not people enough here to assist him?" said she—"For my part I cannot bear the sight of a wound: I stand in need of hartshorn to recover from the violent fright I have experienced; and, if I stay a moment longer, I am sure that I shall be taken ill."

While she thus spoke, the poor old man dolefully lamented the hard fate of his wife and children, whom his death would reduce to beggary. Impelled by a wish to relieve that unfortunate family, I requested my husband to conduct Adela and Adolphus back to the house, and to send me our infirmary surgeon to a certain village which the old man had named as the place of his abode, and whither Frederic and I undertook to have him conveyed.

"What! Mr. Frederic! then you will remain here?" said Adela with a look of dissatisfaction.

"Stay here?" replied Frederic in a terrific tone which shook my soul within me...."Go, madam," he continued in a more softened accent—"go, and rest yourself: this is not a fit place for *you*."

She quitted us, and went home with monsieur de Belleville. Two peasants helped us to construct a kind of bier with stakes and branches of trees: all together we laid the poor old man upon it, and thus we conveyed him to his hut in a village at the distance of a league from the spot where the accident had happened.

Ah! my dear Eliza! what an afflictive spectacle was exhibited by his disconsolate family! what heart-rending cries they uttered on beholding a husband and a father in that deplorable condition! I pressed those unfortunate mourners to my bosom: I mingled my tears with theirs: I promised them my assistance and protection; and my efforts succeeded

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

With vigorous hand he seized the animal by the horns. ——————

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succeeded in assuaging the first violent paroxysms of their grief.

After a quarter of an hour's delay, the surgeon arrived, who dressed the wound, and assured me that it was not mortal. I requested him to remain with the patient all night; and promised to come and visit the afflicted family on the following day; after which, as night was now approaching, and I was apprehensive lest my husband should begin to grow uneasy at my absence, Frederic and I quitted the poor people, and returned homeward, loaded with their fervent benedictions.

My heart yet vibrating with the emotions which I had experienced, I walked in silence, musing on the heroic courage with which Frederic had exposed himself to almost certain death to rescue his adoptive father, I turned my eyes towards him. The moon shed her mild beam on his countenance, which I plainly saw bathed with tears.

My heart being melted by the sight, I approached him and took hold of his arm for support: he closely pressed mine to his bosom; which motion threw my heart into a violent palpitation.

"Felicia!" said he, in a half-smothered voice—"Felicia! oh! that I could, by the sacrifice of the remainder of my existence, purchase the prolongation of this delightful moment! Here I feel her close to my heart—her who alone occupies and fills that heart!..... If," continued he in a kind of delirious ecstasy—"If you be not an angel whom I am bound to adore, and whom the Almighty has for a time sent upon earth—if you be really a human creature, tell me why you alone have been endowed with that soul, with that countenance in which the soul stands visible to the beholder's eye, with that admirable assemblage of charms and virtues, which all together render you the object of my idolatry? ......I know not, Felicia, whether I offend you by this language: but—as my life is centred in you, and my existence wholly depends upon your will—if I have committed an offence, you have only to bid me die, and you shall instantly behold me expire at your feet."

In effect, as he spoke these words, he had thrown himself at my feet; his countenance was flushed with deep crimson; his look was wild and distracted. It is impossible for me to describe to you what I felt at this moment. Pity, agitation, the idea of love such as I had perhaps been destined to experience—deeply penetrated my heart: I scarcely any longer had strength to support myself, when, sinking against an old stump of a tree, "Frederic!" said I—"recover your recollection—return to reason—do you wish to afflict the woman whom you consider as your friend?"

He raised his head, and laid it on my lap. I suppose that I must have pressed it: for he immediately exclaimed—"Oh! Felicia! let me once more feel the touch of that adored hand which draws me nearer to thy bosom: it has poured intoxicating delight into mine."

To these words I returned no other answer than a shower of tears; so deeply did I pity the situation of the unfortunate youth...... Ah! when a woman is conscious that she is the cause of such unhappiness, and when it is a friend whom she sees suffer, tell me, Eliza, is she not excusable for showing such weakness as I betrayed? I was so near to him that his cheek received my falling tears. I shuddered, and, forcibly pushing him from me, "Frederic!" I exclaimed—"have you forgotten that your benefactor, your adoptive father, is the husband of her whom you dare to love? Could you harbour a perfidious ungrateful

thought toward him? Oh! Frederic! recall your reason: an exalted mind like yours is not the fit abode of perfidy or ingratitude."

Roused by these remonstrances, he started up from the ground, and, fixing on me a look of terror,—"Ah!" said he—"Incomparable Felicia! what words have escaped your lips? At your feet I had forgotten the universe: but those expressions have, like a thunder-stroke, awaked me from my *réverie;* they have pointed out to me my duty and my transgression. Adieu! I will this moment flee from your presence: this moment is the last which shall ever see us together. Adieu, Felicia! Felicia, adieu!"

So saying, he precipitately quitted me; when, alarmed at his apparent design, I called him with a mournful voice: he heard my call, and returned to me.

"Heark'ye, Frederic!" said I—"the worthy man whose confidence you have betrayed is yet ignorant of your offence: if once he were even to suspect it, his peace of mind would be for ever destroyed. Frederic! there is but one mode in which you can atone for that offence: it is by eradicating from your bosom the sentiment which has produced it. If you flee from his house, what can he think? Must he not suppose that you are either perfidious or ungrateful?—you, his son! his friend!····No! no! all this must be buried in silence: it is even necessary to dissemble: it is, I grant, a difficult task, a severe torture: but let it fall on the guilty person; let him expiate his fault by singly bearing the whole weight of the punishment."

Frederic returned no answer: he seemed petrified; when suddenly we heard the trampling of horses' feet and the rattling of wheels, and I soon discovered our carriage, which monsieur de Belleville had sent to convey me home.

"Frederic!" said I—"here are people coming to us! If virtue yet dwell in your bosom—if you value the peace and happiness of your father—if you set any value on my esteem—let neither your words nor looks nor behaviour betray the present state of your mind."

Still he made no answer; but stood silent and motionless, as if bereft of life. Meanwhile the carriage approached, and not more than one moment remained for further remonstrance. Already I heard monsieur de Belleville's voice, when, drawing near to Frederic, "Wretch!" said I—"do you mean to cause my death?"

He started—"Felicia!" he replied—"'tis your will, your command: you shall be obeyed: I will at least afford you a proof of your empire over me."

As he concluded these words, my people recognised me, and the carriage stopped. My husband alighted from it, and, "I was very uneasy," said he: "my friends, you have staid very long: and, if humanity and beneficence did not plead your apology, I could not readily pardon you for having forgotten that I expected your return."

Do you feel, my dear Eliza, how cutting this reproach at such a moment? It was a stab to my inmost soul.—But Frederic···· Almighty love, how great thy power!···· that same Frederic, erst so frank, so open, so perfectly a stranger to all kind of dissimulation till that moment···· was suddenly metamorphosed to a different man; and the miracle had been wrought by a single word, a command from me.

He coolly but affectionately replied, "True, father, we are much to blame: but it shall be the last time, I assure you. However, it was

was I alone who indulged my feelings without regarding the hours: your wife did not forget you."

"You boast, Frederic," replied monsieur de Belleville.—"I know how Felicia's heart is affected on such occasions: I know that her feelings were likewise actively awake: and, if she was the first to think of me, it was because she lies under greater obligations of duty to me—am I not right, my good Felicia?"

I had not, Eliza, the power to answer him: never in my whole life did I suffer so cruelly as at that moment. Was I, then, guilty?.... We took our seats in the carriage; and, on our return to the house, I requested leave to retire. Ah! there was no dissimulation in the case, when I said that I stood in need of rest.....Tell me, Eliza, tell me why I should participate the punishment of a crime, of which I have not been an accomplice.—When I required of Frederic that he should conceal the truth, I did not know how difficult a task it is to disguise it. I shrink from the eye of my husband, of that friend whom I love, and whom my heart has not betrayed: for heaven is my witness that friendship alone excites in my bosom any interest in the fate of Frederic. I dread lest monsieur de Belleville should ask me any questions, and should discover the secret of what has passed. I tremble at the idea of his conceiving the slightest suspicion on the subject: the happiness of his remaining life would at once be for-ever blasted: he would be obliged to send away that Frederic whose society and conversation at present enliven his days: he must cease to love that child of his adoption, and cast upon the wide world the orphan whom he had promised to protect: he would fancy that he heard the youth's mother exclaiming to him from the tomb—"You had undertaken the charge of my son: you had given me hopes respecting him, which calmed all my apprehensions, and enabled me to descend in peace to the grave: but now you banish him from under your roof, destitute of resources, bereft of support and protection, his heart a prey to hopeless love! Behold him! speedy death awaits him! Is it thus you fulfil your solemn protestations?"

Eliza! my husband can never bear the shock of such reflections as these. Rather than forfeit his word so solemnly pledged, he would still keep Frederic in his house: but then peace would for-ever be a stranger to his breast: cruel suspicion would shed its venom over every gesture, every look: the slightest word would be wrested to a sinister interpretation, and domestic happiness irreparably destroyed.

And would I myself be exempt from his suspicions? Alas! you know how much and how long he doubted whether I could possibly love him. At length after seven years of assiduous efforts and attentions I have succeeded in inspiring him with perfect confidence on that subject: and who knows whether this event might not utterly destroy all that has been so happily but so laboriously accomplished? When he considers how many relations exist between Frederic and me, how great the conformity of our inclinations and opinions, he never can be persuaded, that, with a heart quite new to love as mine is, I have been able to view with indifference the passion which I have excited in the bosom of so amiable a youth.....At least he will have his doubts: I should behold that respectable man a prey to suspicions—I should see his features, which now present the image of peaceful calm

calm and content, wrinkled with racking care and anxiety. My own happiness would also vanish - that happiness which I had flattered myself that I should enjoy in seeing him rendered happy through my means during the whole course of my life.—No! Eliza! no! I feel, that, by procuring his repose at the expense of continual dissimulation, I should purchase it at a dearer price than that of life itself:—but there is no sacrifice so great to which I am not bound to submit for his sake.

You will say perhaps, " Let Frederic seek a pretext for quitting the family."—But what pretext can he devise? You know that his mother had quarreled with all her relatives, except monsieur de Belleville alone, and that his father was a foreigner. He has therefore no family, no friends, no resources, except in us. Such being the case, what plausible pretext could he allege for so sudden and unexpected a departure, especially now since he has been almost singly intrusted with the entire management of monsieur de Belleville's manufactory.

And then what must the latter think of Frederic's conduct? He must consider him as either mad or ungrateful: he will incessantly talk to me on the subject: and what answer can I make to him?—Or rather he will suspect the truth: for he is too well acquainted with Frederic, not to know that the fear of injuring his benefactor is the only motive capable of driving him from this hospitable asylum. And, from the moment when his suspicions are first excited with respect to Frederic, they will also fix upon me. He will recollect my confusion and perturbation on the occasion of our moon-light meeting: whenever henceforward I happen to appear grave or melancholy, he will attribute the circumstance to an injurious cause; and thus all my apprehensions will unfortunately be realised.

No! no! rather let Frederic remain with us, and observe a most profound silence. I will carefully avoid being alone with him, as far as in my power; and, whenever I am forced to remain alone in his company, I will behave to him with an extreme of coldness which shall completely destroy any hope that he might conceive of availing himself of our situation. But do you imagine that he can entertain such an idea? Ah! my dear Eliza! if you were as well acquainted with Frederic's heart as I am, you would be convinced, that, although the violence of passion for a moment overpowered his reason, he is too generous and noble-minded to persist in his error.

Ah! why did heaven permit him to come and live under the same roof with a woman who is no longer at her own disposal? Beyond all doubt, any of our sex who were at liberty to bestow on him her heart would be happy beyond expression in her union with him···· But whither do I wander?....Pardon me, Eliza:·my brain is confused: the image of the unfortunate youth incessantly haunts my mind: I fancy I yet hear his words, which echo to my inmost soul.—Alas! if his sufferings originated from any other cause, humanity would require that I should endeavour to alleviate them by the utmost tenderness that friendship allows. And, because it is I whom he loves—because it is I who am the cause of his unhappiness—I must be hard-hearted and cruel to him?....How repugnant is such conduct to the eternal laws of justice and truth!

Write to me, Eliza—advise—direct me—I know not what to wish—how to determine····I am sick....;

sick....I feel my whole frame affected....I will not quit my chamber.—Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

Felicia to Eliza.

I have not yet stirred from my apartment. I shudder at the idea of meeting Frederic.... I said that I was sick; and I am so in reality: my hand trembles while I hold the pen to write to you; and I find impossible to allay the agitation of my spirits. How dreadful, then, must be the actual feeling of love, if the bare sight of its effects, and the pity which it inspires, are alone sufficient to throw a person into such a condition as mine! Ah! how devoutly thankful am I to heaven for having preserved my heart from its baleful influence!

Believe me, my friend, I am now certain that I shall ever be able to preserve myself indifferent. I was less so when I imagined that the passions might prove a source of happiness: but now that I have witnessed the headstrong violence with which they are capable of hurrying mankind to the commission of follies and of crimes, they have inspired me with a terror which affords you a sufficient ground of security respecting my sentiments and conduct during the remainder of my life....

Eliza! oh, my dear Eliza! 'twas he...... I saw him.... he gently opened my door, flung a note into my apartment, and precipitately retired.... His supplicating look seemed to entreat that I might read it.... But ought I to do so?.... I have not courage to pick up the paper from the floor....yet, if any person were to come in, and see it.....

I have read it.... ah! my friend! these are the first tears which I have shed since yesterday: they have inundated Frederic's note.... I will here transcribe it for you.

Frederic to Felicia.

"Why do you conceal yourself? why shun the sight of day? It is I alone who ought to dread the daylight: but you are equally pure as the light itself."

Adieu, Eliza! I hear my husband: I shall have my children about me. I know not whether I shall answer Frederic's note—I know not what I shall answer.... No, it is better to remain silent.—Adieu!

Frederic to Felicia.

You shun me: I plainly perceive it.... You are sick; and I am the cause of your sickness.... I dissemble with a father whom I love.... in my heart I offend the benefactor who loads me with kindnesses.... Felicia! heaven has not endued me with sufficient courage to bear up against such evils.

Felicia to Frederic.

Rash youth! what is this which you have dared to intimate to me? A weakness on your part has conducted us both to the brink of the precipice: an act of baseness may plunge us headlong down the steep. Was I mistaken? did I entertain too high an opinion of you, when I supposed you capable of atoning for your offence? will you do nothing for my sake?

Frederic to Felicia.

I have not the command over my love; I have it over my life. I cannot cease to offend you unless by ceasing to exist....Every pulsation of my heart is a crime......Suffer me to die.

Felicia to Frederic.

No! a person has not the command over his own life, when that of another is interwoven with it....

2 T 2 Tremble,

Tremble, rash man, at the blow you meditate: it will not strike you alone.

Frederic to Felicia.

I do not persist······The tone of your note, and a certain something which I thought I discovered in it······Ah! Felicia! if it were possible!······Since you persevere in your determination not to see me except in company with others, allow me at least to write to you, and give you an explanation. Perhaps you will then deem me less culpable. To-morrow morning, when permitted to enter your apartment for the purpose of inquiring concerning your health, may I hope that you will condescend to receive my letter?

(To be continued.)

CEREMONIAL *of the* MARRIAGE *of a* TURKISH SULTANA, *or* DAUGHTER *of the* GRAND SIGNOR.

(From Dallaway's Constantinople.)

WHEN the sultan announces his intention of bestowing a princess upon any of his courtiers, the favourite must repudiate all his former wives, dismiss his concubines, and prepare a palace, with a vast retinue, for her court. She has an absolute authority over her husband; as a badge of which, she wears a small dagger, having the handle set with diamonds, which is the only dower the sultan gives her. The ceremony of betrothing is thus performed. The dagger above-mentioned is delivered with an order from the sultan to the bridegroom, in the following terms: "Princess, I give thee this man for thy pleasure, and this dagger for thy revenge."—With these in his possession he approaches very reverentially her private apartment. As she reclines on her sofa, he makes three profound bows, one on entering, another half-way, and a third at her feet, where he professes his passion, and the happiness to which he aspires. At these words she rises with disdain, without farther attention to him, and seizes the dagger, as if to punish him instantly for his rashness. He then draws the sultan's order from his bosom, kisses it, applies it to his forehead, and presents it to her.—She reads, or pretends to read it, and, perfectly reconciled, exclaims, "The sultan's will be done!" A splendid cavalcade then ushers her to the palace, which is prepared for her in the most superb style of eastern embellishment. She retires first; and certain it is that he is fain to creep in at the bottom of the bed, and submit to an acquiescence in custom so repugnant to the pride of the lord of an harem. Should he commit an infidelity, or be guilty of any breach of contract, he is privately strangled, or, at least, stripped of his wealth, upon the least complaint of his consort to the sultan; and, if he be exiled or disgraced upon political motives, it is not allowed her to follow him, but she is married to another. If he retains his influence, and is sent to a distant province, she is not permitted to attend him, but must keep her court at Constantinople, or in its vicinity.

ANSWER *to the* ENIGMATICAL LIST *of the* SHEPTON-MALLET VOLUNTEERS, *p.* 267.

1. HILL. 2. Tate. 3. Green. 4. Jenkins. 5. Cary. 6. Purlewent. 7. Spencer. 8. Day. 9. Leir. 10. Westley. 11. Weston. 12. Penny. 13. Brodribb. 14. Pippet. 15. Chappel. 16. Brown. 17. Rossiter. 18. Meachera. 19. Scadding. 20. Moore.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE
For His MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ.
POET LAUREAT.

STILL the expecting Muse, in vain,
Reluctant Peace impatient woos;
Still cruel War's destructive train
O'er half mankind their vengeance loose;
Still o'er the genial hours of Spring,
Fell Discord weaves her crimson wing;
O'er bleeding Europe's ravag'd plains,
The fiend in state terrific reigns:
Nor oaten pipe, nor past'ral song,
Resounds her waving woods among;
But floating on the burthen'd gale afar,
Rolls, in tremendous peal, the thund'ring voice of War.

Yet far from Albion's tranquil shores,
The storm of Desolation roars;
And while o'er fair Liguria's vales,
Fann'd by Favonius' tepid gales,
O'er Alpine heights that proudly rise,
And shroud their summits in the skies,
Or by the Rhine's majestic stream,
The hostile arms of Gallia gleam,
Fenc'd by her naval hosts, that ride
Triumphant o'er her circling tide,
Britannia jocund pours the festive lay,
And hails, with duteous voice, her George's natal day!

Yet tho' her eye exulting sees
Valour her daring offspring crown;
And Glory wafts, on ev'ry breeze,
The swelling pæans of renown,
Not from the warrior's laurel leaves
The votive garland now she weaves;
Sweeter than Maia's balmy breath,
Concord perfumes the civic wreath
Of flow'rs, embued with dew divine,
Which Albion and Ierne twine,
To deck his brow, whom each, with grateful smiles,
Owns Heir of Ocean's reign, Lord of the British Isles!

God of our Fathers rise,
And thro' the thund'ring skies,
Thy vengeance urge;
In awful justice red,
Be thy dread arrows sped,
But guard our monarch's head—
God save great George!

Still on our Albion smile,
Still o'er this favour'd isle,
O spread thy wing!
To make each blessing sure,
To make our fame endure,
To make our rights secure,
God save our king!

To the loud trumpet't throat,
To the shrill clarion's note,
Now jocund sing;
From ev'ry open foe,
From ev'ry traitor's blow,
Virtue defends his brow,
God guards our king!

MR. O'KEEFE'S ADDRESS
To the Audience on his Benefit,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY HIMSELF.

OF the great Maker's works, a creature mean,
But little known, unseeing and unseen;
Not conscious of a purpose it begins,
And from itself the silken fibres spins;
Wrapt in its downy woof, supine it lies,
Its task, when finish'd, to appearance dies.
E'en some such thing am I, not seen before—
My fabrications yet you've often wore;
Tho' fate may change a man into a worm,
What gloss can into silk my stuff transform?
" A worm is unaccommodated man"—
So Shakspeare's humble, true idea ran.
Shining in strength for ornament and use,
The beauteous satin did the bard produce.

Bright

Bright were his flow'ry silks; their native hues,
Like Nature's flow'rs, fresh wet with morning dews;
Still thro' my woof the worsted would entwine;
A sort of Irish tabinet was mine.
My silk was smooth, but coarse its other half;
It touch'd; and, tick'ling, made the wearer laugh.
First came my Farces, shot with cheerful song; [belong:
Those pieces to the lute-string class
On Cowslip taffata was praise bestow'd;
A Kentish Farmer, I made quite the mode;
Now Tabbies grave, and sable Paduasoy.
And flimsy sarsnet, could my hours employ.
The female mind in rainbow-tints I trac'd,
And *royal purple* has my pieces grac'd.
But now I'm shelf'd, you now must be array'd [brocade!
In home-spun robes of German stiff
The silk-worm, like the poet feeds on leaves, [ceives?
What poet from the bay his food re-
Ah! no; from Spencer's, Butler's, Otway's, doom,
The bay can only flourish on the tomb!
When past their labour, bards should eat no more,
But sleep, till wing'd to kinder worlds they soar.
Those hapless spinners of the treasur'd mind [behind!
Have flown, and left immortal woofs
The clear distinction their examples give [write to live.
'Twixt those who live to write, and
May future bards—good God! my pray'r, ah! grant, [ant!
Instead of silk-worm, emulate the

My early and my ardent wish was fame; [the same?
What bard dare say he does not feel
To mend your morals was my next desire;
Vice I'd consume, had I a mine of fire.
'Twere affectation, should I seem to hide [pride.
Those feelings that alone can sanction
Condemn the boast, your anger I'd endure, [poor.
That, when not poor myself, I lov'd the
Inur'd to peril, and experience taught,
Stage-battles six and thirty I have fought!
Some twenty years ago, my breath to yield,
With flying colours I had quit the field.
To modern jokes you'd cry, and shake the head,
"Call you this fun? Ah! sign O'Keefe is dead!" [ing roar'd;
For me the Gods in claps have thund'r-
"Now ev'ry puny whipster gets my sword!"

The wonder how in writing to succeed, [read!
When what I write, alas! I cannot
I cannot ponder o'er my infant line,
To dress, correct, change, polish, and refine.
Repeatedly I must my nonsense hear—
Fancy was baited thro' my wearied ear.
Uncertain the event, the labour great,
The poet, and his writer, too must eat?
Kind were my friends here of the mimic trade: [made:
Of my weak efforts still the most they
And as my dullness o'er their skill prevail'd, [tience fail'd.
Their bounty comes when all their pa-
A struggling Milton on this globe has been,
Alas! a *beggar blind* of *Bethnal Green.*
Tho' Milton's genius scorns this poor abode— [*Pointing to his head.*]
The beggar's thanks are in this bosom stow'd.
The silk-worm Shakspeare plants himself a tree,
But you have giv'n the leaves of mulberry.
This deed humane for heav'nly joys will sue,
If I go first above, I'll plead for you!

RODOLPH; A BALLAD.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF COUNT STOLBERG.]

Rodolph in paternal hall,
Breath'd from War's destructive scene.
Rodolph, prompt at Glory's call,
Rodolph, dread of hostile Gaul,
Dread of Moors of swarthy mien.

He

He a gallant son deplores,
Last of all his noble stem:
Whilst, amid the moss-grown tow'rs,
As his tender wail he pours,
Echo wafts the mournful theme.

Agnes, deck'd with golden hair,
Props his age and stills his sigh:
Mild as dove, as lambkin fair,
Soothes a parent's sad despair,
Wipes the tear that dims his eye.

Yet herself, in silent woe,
Pines by moon-light's solemn gleam:
Albert, with the polish'd brow,
Breathes for her the tender vow,
And fair Agnes sighs for him.

Haughty Raymond, at whose side
Five-score martial youths appear,
Swells with vain heraldic pride,
Vaunts his trophies far and wide,
And old Rodolph held him dear.

Albert once, on festive day,
Kiss'd her hand, as lily fair;
Agnes' eyes, in soft dismay,
Chiding frowns would fain betray,
But they only show'd a tear!

Raymond marks the tender dame,
Eyes askance his shining blade;
Love and rage his cheek inflame,
And his eye-balls wildly gleam,
And around their fury shed.

Straight his gauntlet, threat'ning war,
On her virgin lap he laid:
"Take it, Albert, and repair
'Neath the mill; I'll wait thee there."
Swift he mounts and scour the mead.

Albert hears the fierce defy,
Mounts his steed and seeks the foe;
Proud, the graceful tear to spy,
Trickling from the maiden's eye;
Love and honour bade it flow.

Red their burnish'd arms appear,
Gleaming in the setting sun:
Hark! their coursers' fierce career
Shakes the plain; the frighted deer
To their inmost covert run.

Agnes, from the castle wall,
Cast a wistful look beneath:
Boding fears her heart appal:
Straight she saw her Albert fall;
Saw—and clos'd her eyes in death.

Back the victor falt'ring hies,
Anxious doubt his breast invade;
Hears the wail of woe arise,
To the fair-one's chamber flies,
Starts, and falls upon his blade.

Rodolph snatch'd his darling care,
Held her to his throbbing breast;
Torpid, lost in dumb despair,
Clasp'd the cold unconscious fair
Two long days—then sunk to rest!

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

STAY, lady—stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale:
Ah, sure my looks must pity wake—
'Tis want that makes my cheeks so pale!

Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy:
But in the Nile's proud fight he died—
And I am now an orphan boy!

Poor foolish child! how pleas'd was I,
When news of Nelson's vict'ry came,
Along the crowded streets to fly—
And see the lighted windows flame!

To force me home my mother sought—
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shudd'ring, clos'd her ears:
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd—
My mother answer'd with her tears!

"Oh, why do tears steal down your cheek,"
Cried I, "while others shout with joy?"
She kiss'd me; and, in accents weak,
She call'd me her poor orphan boy!

"What is an orphan boy?" I said:
When suddenly she gasp'd for breath
And her eyes clos'd!—I shriek'd for aid:—
But, ah! her eyes were clos'd in death!

My hardships since I will not tell;
But now no more a parent's joy,—
Ah, lady! I have learnt too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!—
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread—
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.

Lady, you weep:—what is't you say?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ!
Look down, dear parents; look, and see
Your happy, happy orphan boy!

SONG.

SONG.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.]

I ASK'D my fair, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece—
Iphigenia, Clelia, Chloris,
Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris,
Dorimene, or Lucreece?

"Ah!" replied my gentle fair,
"Beloved, what are names but air?
Take thou whatever suits the line,
Clelia, Iphigenia, Chloris,
Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris—
But don't forget to call me thine!"

TO THE MEMORY OF A DECEASED FRIEND.

BY MR. ROSCOE.

MORTAL, from yon lower sphere,
Ere eternal joys thou share,
Are thy earthly duties done,
Husband, father, friend, and son?

Hast thou o'er a parent's head
Drops of filial fondness shed?
What the pleasure—hast thou prov'd,
'Tis to love and to be lov'd?

Hast thou, with delighted eyes,
Seen thy num'rous offspring rise?
Hast thou, in the paths of truth,
Led their inexperienc'd youth?

Didst thou e'er in sadness bend
O'er the sorrows of a friend?
Didst thou hasten, unappall'd,
When thy sinking country call'd?

Husband, father, friend, and son,
Well thy journey hast thou run:
Life has known its best employ,
Sown in virtue, reap'd in joy.

LINES TO S. Y.

THE riches of the proud and great,
I'd ne'er with envy view;
But think my own th' happier state,
If blest with thee, my Sue.

Think not that wealth can pleasure yield,
The rich man's joys are few;
The peasant's toiling in the field
Is blest, if lov'd by Sue.

I'd gladly change my present lot,
For the poorest man e'er knew;
A gilded palace for a cot,
To gain my lovely Sue.

THE TOMB OF ANNETTE.

DOWN in yon vale as pilgrims pass,
When the mild evening sun has set;
They bow themselves upon the grass,
Before the tomb of sweet Annette;
And offer up a heart-felt prayer,
For her who lies entombed there.

When morning dawns, the rustic swain
Forgets not Annette as he goes;
Nor as he crosseth o'er the plain,
When night o'er all her curtain throws;
He offers up a heart-felt prayer,
For her who lies entombed there.

When twinkling stars adorn the sky,
And mortals sink in downy sleep;
'Tis then, unseen by any eye,
That Henry to her grave doth creep;
To offer up a heart-felt prayer,
For her who lies entombed there.

IMPROMPTU,

Addressed to a young Clergyman.

WRITTEN BY MRS. HALE.

A PERT young magpie, newly flown,
Who fancy'd all the grove his own,
And, perch'd upon a neighb'ring steeple,
Had learnt to chatter to the people;
One day, contending for a straw,
Was pertly laying down the law,
Dictating to each bird his part,
And thought among his kind *a smart!*
Till chance brought there a foreign fowl,
An old sagacious female owl,
Who, out of patience with his rattle,
His noisy and conceited prattle,
Could not this sage advice forbear:
"Make it, friend Mag, henceforth your care,
Never to venture on a flight
Till well you know your proper height;
For 'tis not in the magpie station
To soar among the feather'd nation:
It is a rule by time long fix'd,
When black is in the colours mix'd,
Humility, in heart and mind,
Best pleases birds, and human kind."

FOREIGN NEWS.

Carthagena, May 4.

HIS Spanish majesty has taken off the embargo on Portuguese vessels. The two frigates which had been detained in our harbour, for insulting the crew of a French privateer, have obtained permission to sail, but the offenders are to be punished by the court of Portugal. The latter court, it seems, has satisfied Spain without offending the court of St. James's.

Roveredo, May 13. We have this day received official intelligence, that the imperialists entered Nice on the 11th inst. The French have retreated across the river Var, which forms the boundary between the Piedmontese county of Nice and France.

Vienna, May 14. It is certain that general Kleber has broken the capitulation that had been concluded between him and the grand-vizier, and that he has defeated the latter. The English embassador at our court, lord Minto, has had official intelligence of that event.

Massena, at the head of 5,000 men, attempted another sortie from Genoa, but was repulsed with considerable loss. General Melas has already passed Turin with his army, and we expect daily to hear of his having made a diversion in favour of general Kray.

15. On the 12th instant, an express from Constantinople brought to the Turkish embassador here the unexpected intelligence of the war having recommenced in Egypt. The departure of the French having met with many difficulties, the captain pacha not arriving at Alexandria with his fleet from Constantinople, and many of the French having been massacred in Egypt, general Kleber unexpectedly attacked and totally defeated the army of the grand-vizier on the 17th and 18th of March, at the moment when he was preparing for his solemn entry into Cairo with 20,000 men. The bloodshed was terrible, particularly among the Turkish infantry, very few of whom escaped; the cavalry were less unfortunate, having effected their safety by fleeing to the camp of Osman pacha, and the kiaga or lieutenant of the grand-vizier, who soon afterwards marched to Cairo with a strong body of troops, where he massacred several thousand French, among whom were their learned men and members of the national institute. These accounts were communicated by the Turkish embassador to the foreign ministers. It is added, that Murad Bey had attacked and put to the sword a division of the French army which had marched from Cairo to Alexandria, to embark for France, previously to the attack made by general Kleber on the army of the grand-vizier, and to which he had been particularly instigated by that circumstance.

Ratisbon, May 15. Several of the war departments, and the army treasury, have been removed hither from Augsburg.—From Munich the valuable effects are removing to Anspach, whither the elector of Bavaria will also proceed, if the danger should increase.

Rooms have been ordered here for the British minister, Mr. Wickham, whose suite has already arrived.

Donauwerth, May 15. The utmost anxiety prevails here. The imperial field-treasury, chancery, depôts, and baggage, are conveying through this city, accompanied by imperial troops of every denomination, who, by their appearance, seem as though they had been dispersed.

Part of the laboratory is arrived here, and the various artificers are busily at work; it is to remain only six days, when it will proceed to Ingolstadt.

Stutgard, May 17. We learn from Ulm, that, on the 16th, the corps of general Sztarray made a successful attack on the left wing of the French army, and that the division of Legrand was driven back from the environs of Blaubeusen. It is this that has probably delayed the arrival of the courier of Augsbourg of the 16th. It arrived this day with that of the 17th.

19. Letters from Ulm, of the 16th, announce that the situation of that town is very critical. The Austrians, encamped around the city, received from time to time the visits of the French, who advance within one or two leagues of Ulm. At every moment we hear cannonades, and the fire of musquetry. Only one gate of Ulm is open. All the others are shut. The head-quarters of Kray were removed on the 16th to Elkingen, on the left bank of the Danube. It is said couriers have departed from Ulm to Paris. They are, it is said, bearers of propositions of peace. The Austrian court had already received dispatches of the 10th of May from general Kray, when the couriers left Vienna.

Gunsburg, May 21. Yesterday morning the French made another attack on the position of the Austrians, with a violent cannonade, towards Solslingen. After several fruitless attempts to penetrate through the Blauthal, the enemy were obliged to retreat about noon, leaving behind them many killed and wounded, and nearly 160 prisoners. The Austrians are again at Ehingen.

The French begin to see the impossibility of gaining any advantage over the imperial army near Ulm; and to-day they have actually retreated a considerable way towards Biberach and Memmingen. General Kray's head-quarters, it is thought, will be removed from Ulm to Ehingen, in a few days. The passage between this place and Ulm is entirely open, and perfectly secure.

Ulm, May 21. The office of the imperial field-post has published the following intelligence:

"By a courier who arrived this day, the army has been informed that general Melas had taken possession of the territory of Nice; that the troops charged with the blockade of the citadel of Savona had taken that fort, and had advanced close to the Var (running down from the heights of Nice, westward of which city it is received by the sea, where it forms the borders of France), and that, at the departure of the courier, Nice was about to capitulate."

Apprehensions of a bombardment of this city by the French have vanished. The French begin to withdraw from their positions in our neighbourhood, and are followed by the imperialists.

Evening.—This morning the army has been officially informed, in general orders, that on the 11th inst. our troops had entered Nice, and that on the 13th Genoa had begun to capitulate.

This day the centre of our army was engaged with the enemy, the advantage being now on one side, then the other. Towards evening the roaring of cannon appeared more distant, which is considered as a favourable sign.

Bridge of the Var, May 23. We sustained yesterday, from three in the morning to seven in the evening, the most vigorous attack. The Austrians seemed determined to carry the tête-du-pont. Two English frigates bombarded the flank of our redoubt, which the enemy's army destroyed with balls and bombs. We remained steady, and the preparations we see them making to renew the most furious cannonade to-morrow do not give us any uneasiness.

Strasburg, May 24. Eight thousand men have been detached from the army of the Rhine to pass Mont St. Gothard. It was time; for the Austrian general Dedovich had already taken Airolo, and intended to drive the French from their post upon St. Gothard. The corps of Dedovich is not strong. It will not be able to resist general Lorge, who commands the French detachment, which is to penetrate by this point into Italy.

The Austrians have evacuated the Grisons—Coire, Feldkirch, Bregentz, and Lindau, are in our hands. A letter from Augsburg states, that on the 18th a courier from Vienna passed that way on his route to Paris. He was supposed to be charged with pacific dispatches.

Basle,

Basle, May 24. General Moncey has announced at Berne the speedy arrival of a considerable body of troops, of which one part marches by Basle, and the other by Schaffhouse, to pass St. Gothard. General Lorge is to command these troops. He is arrived at Zurich with his staff. Within the space of five days, 45,000 men have passed Mont St. Bernard, with their artillery and stores. Haller, of Lausanne, accompanies Buonaparte into Italy.

26. General Moncey has officially announced to the Helvetic government that a corps of 25,000 men, which arrived in Switzerland by Schaffhouse and Basle, passed Mont St. Gothard, to advance by Bellinzone and Lugano into the Milanese; that Feldkirch was in the power of the French; and that the greatest part of the Grisons was evacuated by the Austrians.

Paris, June 7. The royalist general Georges is said to be again in motion. He traverses the Morbihan, to excite civil war. General Bernadotte has given orders to pursue him.

General Kray, it is said, has thrown 42,000 men into Ulm, and approaches the Tyrol with the remainder of his army.

It is reported that Buonaparte has entered Milan.

A telegraphic dispatch announces that 35 English ships of war had arrived the day before yesterday on the coast near the isle of Quiberon. The general in chief, Bernadotte, apprised of the movements of the hostile fleet, was waiting for some days for its landing. All measures were taken, and all the important points on the coast placed out of the reach of danger. Some troops were already assembled, at the head of which the general in chief has marched towards Quiberon.

8. A letter from Brest states, that advice had been received of a project of the English to burn the fleet. It is added, that they mean to make a descent on the coasts, to draw our forces to a distant point, during which time they would endeavour, by another debarkation, to carry the heights which command the harbour, and thence set fire to the fleet, or else send fire-ships into the harbour to burn it. It is added, that all necessary precautions are taken to prevent the execution of that design, and to treat, as at Quiberon and the Helder, such English as should dare to attempt it.

25. The consuls received, on the 23d, a courier from the first consul, sent from Monmeri on the 19th. The courier states, that, at the moment of his departure, another courier arrived at the first consul's with the news of the capture of the fort of Bard by general Lannes. There were 500 Austrians in the fort, and eight pieces of cannon. The advanced guard reckoned that they should be kept there for some time.

27. They write from Geneva, that at the time the army of reserve was descending from the Alps, general Turreau advanced with a division from Suza as far as Rivoli, four leagues from Turin; that three other divisions descended into Italy by Saint Gothard; and that the besieging artillery has filed off by Mont Blanc.

29. Intelligence has been received from the army of the Rhine, dated the 24th. Moreau has marched to Augsburg, leaving Ulm blockaded. The archives, treasures, and even the most valuable effects of individuals, were packed up, to be sent into the interior of Austria.

The second army of reserve is increasing at Dijon by volunteers, who repair to it daily from all points of the republic.

31. It is said that the Russian minister at Constantinople has presented an official note on the Venetian Isles, which seem to become more and more the object of difference between the two powers.

Strasburg, June 9. General St. Suzanne is arrived here to re-establish his health.

We receive, at this moment, the official news of a large corps of Austrians, under the orders of prince Ferdinand, having attacked, on the 5th of this month, the left wing of the army of the Rhine, in the neighbourhood of Ulm. Our troops received them in their usual manner. The enemy was completely beaten, and was obliged to fly precipitately into the fortifications of Ulm. We have made sixteen hundred prisoners, and taken eight pieces of cannon, waggons, &c. An enemy's general, whose name we know not, has been killed.

HOME NEWS.

London, May 6.

THE award of the lord high-chamberlain on the subject of the differences between the proprietors and the performers of Covent-garden theatre was transmitted yesterday to the parties concerned. The decision of his lordship sanctions the conduct of the proprietors in all the points of complaint. It is couched, as might be expected, in temperate and conciliatory language, supporting the legal rights of the patentees, but recommending harmony in the theatre, and an oblivion of the past.

Dublin, May 19. Napper Tandy and Harvey Morris were tried this day in the court of king's bench, under the fugitive or outlawry act. This trial occupied the court from ten o'clock in the morning to about a quarter past four. Sir James Crawford was examined, and acquitted himself in a most gentleman-like manner, both to the satisfaction of the court and the public.—He proved that it was perfectly practicable for both those gentlemen to come to Ireland, and take the benefit of the act of amnesty before its expiration, but for the interruption they met with by being detained by him close prisoners in Hamburg. After a most excellent and impartial charge from the chief justice, lord Kilwarden, the jury retired but for a short time, and brought in a verdict---*Not Guilty*.

From the great concourse of people that attended the above trial, it was apprehended that some tumult or disorder would have taken place, or that the populace would have offended by rash acclamations; no such thing however took place, and the crowd dispersed without the least riot or tumult.

London, May 27. Yesterday being the last day of Easter term, the only public business in the court of king's bench related to the attack on the king's life. The attorney-general appeared in court, and stated that a bill had been found by the grand jury against James Hadfield, for high-treason, in firing a loaded pistol at his majesty. He moved the court that a copy of the indictment, with a list of the jury impannelled and witnesses subpœned, should be delivered to the prisoner ten days previous to his trial, pursuant to the statute. The witnesses were finally examined at the duke of Portland's office on Saturday; and summonses are making out for them to attend the trial, which will take place in two or three weeks.

Yesterday doctors Willis, Munro, and Simmonds, went to Newgate, at the desire of the duke of Portland, to inquire into the state of Hadfield's health. We are not acquainted with their report; but we understand that, since his imprisonment, it has been necessary to confine him with a strait waistcoat. At present he is better.

Farnham, May 30. Yesterday a very serious and alarming riot happened here. A considerable number of Irish recruits for the 25th and 27th regiments being quartered here, they assembled in the evening at a fair held in the town, armed with large bludgeons, and, upon a signal given by one of the party, they began an assault on several of the country people. Little resistance was at first made, and in a short time the Irish soldiers cleared the fair, knocking down every man, woman, and child, they could get at, and using numbers of them with the greatest barbarity as they lay on the ground, notwithstanding the most spirited interference was made by their officers to prevent it.

In a few minutes some of the town's-people joined those of the country, and, armed with hop-poles and clubs of all sorts, returned to the fair, where they found the soldiers huzzaing at having obtained a victory, and destroying the stalls,

stalls, &c. A most violent engagement ensued, and the Irish were in their turn compelled to fly; and some of them were most cruelly treated by the country people, who could not be restrained by the inhabitants of the town, but were proceeding to the greatest outrages, when fortunately the Farnham volunteers, under captain Hollest, arrived, and prevented further mischief. The riot act was read, the wounded soldiers were protected to their quarters by the volunteers, and the mob was soon afterwards dispersed, a few being first taken into custody. Two soldiers were killed.

The coroner's inquest sat on the bodies of the soldiers, and brought in their verdict—*justifiable homicide.*

York, May 30. During the storm on Wednesday, about two miles from Doncaster, on the road for London, a loaded waggon, drawn by seven horses, belonging to Mr. Heaton of that place, was struck with lightning, when it instantaneously took fire, and the lightning running along the gears, struck down five of the six horses, which were two abreast, and killed the leading horse. The waggoner received no injury. Two ladies were hastening to the waggon for shelter, but luckily had not reached it at the time the accident happened. The fire raged with the utmost fury; and notwithstanding engines were expeditiously procured, and every exertion used, most of the goods were either entirely consumed, or so very materially damaged as to be worth but little. The hedges and roads were covered, for a considerable distance, with damaged pieces of stuffs of various kinds, muslins, woollen cloths, cottons, and other articles. In a very short time scarce a vestige of the waggon remained.

Waterford, May 31. In pursuance of private information received by Edmond Power, esq. a magistrate of the county of Waterford, that a meeting of united rebels was to take place on Friday se'nnight, near Windgap, in that county, he procured from Sir Charles Asgill an officer and twenty men. When he came near the place, he directed two detachments, each of six men, to occupy the most likely passes for the rebels to retreat by. With the officer and eight remaining men, he marched to the place of meeting, where they found about one hundred of them assembled, armed principally with pikes, on whom the military instantly fired, killed one man on the spot, wounded many more, four of whom died the next day, and were privately interred at Newcastle; another, by accounts received in Dublin, died at Russelstown. On the first fire of Mr. Power's party, the rebels exchanged a few shots; but on the second volley they made a precipitate retreat in all directions, leaving several horses, pikes, and bayonets, behind them.

London, June 2. The prince of Wirtemberg, younger brother to the reigning duke, arrived at Gravesend on Monday night, with his princess, from the continent. They were obliged to lodge in a garret in the inn, all the beds being pre-occupied. They were waiting yesterday at Gravesend the receipt of passports to enable them to come to town.

3. A large barge has been stationed near London-bridge for several days, for the purpose of taking soundings for the foundation of a new bridge to be built of iron, after that magnificent one over the Weir, near Sunderland. The new bridge is to be upon a grand plan of three arches; the centre to admit ships to pass with striking their top and top-gallant masts. The first elevation it is supposed will be taken from Cannon-street, that the ascent may be gradual and easy for carriages. The building of this bridge will be a very expensive undertaking; but it will be amply compensated for by the great advantages of enlarging the navigation for shipping to Blackfriars'-bridge. The expense of the repairs of London-bridge amounts to several thousand pounds annually; and the present obstruction to boats passing as they can at Blackfriars and Westminster must be an inconvenience.

Portsmouth, June 4. A grand review of all the volunteer corps in this neighbourhood, and of the regulars and militia, in all near ten thousand men, this day took place, by general Whitelock, in celebration of the king's birthday. The line drew up on Portsdown-hill, this morning, at an early hour, and extended about three miles. A vast concourse of spectators soon assembled at the spot, and the scene was altogether the most grand that can be imagined;

gined; it was considerably aided by the station being on the summit of the hill, perfectly uninterrupted by trees or hedges, and the prospect one of the best in the kingdom.

London, June 5. Yesterday being the anniversary of his majesty's birth-day, the morning was ushered in by the ringing of bells, and other demonstrations of loyalty and affection. About seven o'clock the volunteer corps of the cities of London and Westminster, and their vicinity, began to assemble in Hyde-park, in order to be reviewed by his majesty, who entered the park exactly at nine oclock, at which instant a gun was fired, announcing his arrival.

The morning was dreadfully perverse. It rained incessantly during the whole time of the review; and besides the personal inconvenience to the officers and troops, and to thousands of male and female spectators, whom their loyalty had assembled upon this occasion, it destroyed the effect of one of the grandest spectacles imaginable. More than twelve thousand of the volunteers were under arms, and the multitude were innumerable.

16. Robert Chapman and John Dutton were this day brought into the court of king's bench, to plead to indictments preferred against them; the former for expressing his regret that the pistol aimed at his majesty had not taken effect, and his determination to fire another; and the latter for insulting his majesty, and following his carriage, and hissing and groaning.

James Thomson, for obtaining a license by perjury to marry miss Withers, was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment, and to stand in the pillory.

17. A man of the name of Williams, and some others, when yesterday dragging for fish near Chiswick, discovered a shark of an uncommon size entangled in their net. By an exertion of dexterity, with the help of some other fishermen, they brought it ashore. It measured nine feet in length, and was in some degree very hideous.

18. James Hadfield was this day brought into the court of king's bench, upon the motion of the attorney-general, and charged with an indictment for high-treason, in compassing and imagining the death of our lord the king, and in furtherance of his traitorous design, firing a loaded pistol at him at Drury-lane theatre, with intent to kill and assassinate him. The prisoner pleaded not guilty to the indictment, stated that he had a good defence, and prayed that Mr. Erskine and Mr. Serjeant Best might be assigned as his counsel, and Mr. Humphreys as his solicitor. The court granted his prayer, and to-morrow se'nnight was appointed for his trial.

A very melancholy accident happened to Mr. William Bosanquett, a gentleman of the most amiable character; the particulars of which are as follow:—On the afternoon of Wednesday last, a small party of friends dined with Mr. Bosanquett at his house in Upper Harley-street. After dinner, in high spirits, he took up his flute which laid on the side-board, and played several favourite airs; at the conclusion he threw up the window, with an intention of observing the progress of the workmen employed in modernising the back front of the house, when, forgetting that the balcony had been a few days previously removed, he stepped out, and, in attempting to catch hold of the window-frame, fell into the garden, and broke his back. The most eminent men of the medical profession yesterday had a consultation and they were uniformly of opinion, that the unfortunate gentleman cannot survive many days.

Mrs. Bosanquett's situation can be much better conceived than described. Ten fine children are the fruits of their union, two of which are twins, but a few weeks' old.

19. His majesty, in mounting his horse, after the races at Ascot-heath, narrowly escaped an accident: a forest fly had stung the animal, which occasioned him, from the pain, to throw his head back, and strike the king on his thigh; but his majesty, though hurt at the time, mounted another horse, and returned home to Windsor, perfectly well, except a slight bruise.

21. On Thursday was committed to Hertford gaol, Ann Mead, aged 15, for poisoning the infant child of her master, Mr. Proctor, of Royston. A powder was found in its stomach which,

from

from some experiments that were made, was declared to be arsenic: after many declarations of her innocence, on cross-examining her closely, it came out that the child had swallowed a powder; and she afterwards confessed that she had given it half a spoonful of arsenic, and assigned as a reason for this diabolical act "that her mistress called her a slut, and she resolved to spite her."

BIRTHS.

May 24. In Clarges-street, the lady of lieutenant-col. Knox, of the first regiment of guards, of a son.

Mrs. Rayland, wife of Mr. Rayland, cornfactor, in Savage Gardens, of a son.

At Park-house, near Stranraer, the lady of col. Ross, of a son.

25. At Broughton-castle, Oxon, the lady of lieut. col. Maxwell, of a son.

Mrs. Hurst, wife of Mr. Hurst, of the General Post-office, of a daughter.

28. At Battersea Rise, the lady of H. Thornton, Esq. M. P. of a son.

In Baker-street, the lady of Hugh Rose, esq. of a son.

30. At his house, in Great James-street, Bedford-row, the wife of R. G. Thomas, esq. of a still-born daughter.

At his house, at Welham, in Yorkshire, the lady of Robert Bower, esq. of a daughter.

31. In Queen-Anne-street West, the lady of Charles Smith, esq. M. P. of a son and heir.

Mrs. Noble, of Curzon-street, May-fair, of a daughter.

In Clarges-street, the lady of major Frederick W. Buller, M. P. of a son.

June 11. At his house, in Manchester-square, the Lady of William Dawson, esq. of a daughter.

16. In Old Burlington-street, the lady of Richard Croft, esq. M. D. of a daughter.

17. The lady of the right hon. the speaker of the house of commons, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

In November last, at Madras, Henry Brown, esq. commercial resident, to miss Sewell, niece of Henry Sewell, esq. of that presidency.

May 19. At Llangefni, Anglesea, Mr. H. Cecsan, to miss Lucy Pencoch (the rich heiress of the late John Hughes, esq. of Bawgwddau-hall), a lady of much beauty, but entirely deaf and dumb.—This circumstance drew together an amazing concourse of people to witness the ceremony, which on the bride's part was literally performed by proxy. On the evening of the marriage, however, the bride, in coming down stairs, made a false step, and was precipitated from the top to the bottom with so much violence against a chair, that her head was nearly severed from her body, and she immediately expired.

24. Mr. F. W. Wistinghausen, of Bridge-street, Blackfriars, merchant, to miss M. A. Schneider, youngest daughter of John Henry, esq. of Beaver-hall, Southgate, Middlesex.

At Bath, T. J. L. Baker, esq. of Uley, Gloucestershire, to miss Mary Sharp.

At Clifton, Richard Taylor, esq. of that place, to miss Wilson.

27. At Gosport chapel, by the rev. Richard Bingham, Thomas Stares, jun. esq. of Farnham, Hants, to miss Eliza Parker, youngest daughter of vice-admiral Sir William Parker, bart. commander in chief.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, lieut. col. Howard, of the Coldstream regiment of foot-guards, to lady Charlotte Primrose, eldest daughter of the earl of Roseberry.

At Edinburgh, James Kinloch, merchant in London, to miss Helen Ferrier, third daughter of James Ferrier, esq. W. S.

James Langham, esq. to miss Burdett, eldest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, bart. of Foremerk, in the county of Derby.

29. At Felsted, Essex, Mr. John Miles, of Air-street, Piccadilly, to miss Searle, of the former place.

30. At Queen-square chapel, Bath, Edward Williams, esq. barrister at law, to Miss Elizabeth Curre, second daughter of the late John Curre, of Ilton-court, Monmouthshire.

31. At St. George's Hanover-square, Mr. Enock, of Oxford-street, to miss Mary Naylor, daughter of Joseph Naylor, esq. of James-street, Manchester-square.

At

At Bermondsey church, Southwark, Mr. Hunt, of Stalbridge, Dorsetshire, to miss Ann Miles, of Bermondsey.

June 1. In St. Thomas's church, Liverpool, by the rev. Mr. Peu, Mr. Robert Sellar, merchant, of Liverpool, to miss Isabella Sinclair, daughter to Mr. Robert Sinclair, merchant, of Bury-court, St. Mary-axe, London.

3. At St. Magnus's church, London, Benjamin Outram, esq. of Butterly-hall, Derbyshire, to miss Anderson, of Isleworth.

At St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, by the Rev. Henry Cox Mason, chaplain to the corps, Simon Field, esq. capt. of the Bermondsey volunteers, to miss Cooper, only daughter of Thomas Cooper, esq. Leatherhead, Surry.

4. At Camberwell, Mr. Robert Grant, of Little St. Helen's, to miss Ann Christian, daughter of the late John Christian, esq. of Marr.

At Bath, Jenkin Davies Barrington, of Swansea, to miss Morgan, the only child of the late William Morgan, esq. of the same place.

5. George Smith, esq. of Nottingham, to miss Eliza Margaret Davies, youngest daughter of the late William Davis, esq. of Guildford-street.

At Camberwell, Mr. Robert Grant, of Little St. Helen's, to miss Anna Christian, daughter of the late John Christian, esq. of Man.

June 11. At Frome, Somersetshire, Richard James Lawrence O'Connor, esq. captain in the royal navy, to miss Mary-Ann Vincent.

At Greenwich, Henry Wilson, esq. to miss Lowe.

At Mary-le-bonne church, captain Harcourt, of the 20th regiment, to miss Harcourt, daughter of Richard Harcourt, esq.

DEATHS.

May 22. In the 37th year of her age, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, wife of James Kirkpatrick, esq. banker, Newport, Isle of Wight.

At his house, in Scotland-yard, Whitehall, S. Pegge, esq. one of the grooms of his majesty's privy-chamber.

At Chesham, Bucks, in the 13th year of her age, miss Philippa Shrimpton, eldest daughter by a second marriage, of the late Thomas Shrimpton, esq. of High-Wycombe.

25. Mrs. Susan Towry, the wife of G. P. Towry, esq. one of his majesty's commissioners of the Victualling-office.

At Pentonville, near Islington, Henry Cort, esq. of Devonshire-street, Queen-square, Bloomsbury.

At Riply, in Surrey, aged 64 years, Mrs. Mary Draper.

26. At his seat in Worcestershire, at an advanced age, Charles Welch, esq.

Mr. Myles Atkinson, woollen-draper, St. Paul's church-yard, in the 57th year of his age.

27. At Mowthorp, near Malton, Yorkshire, aged 25 years, Markenfield Kirby, esq. late captain in the 85th regiment.

In her 18th year, miss Sophia Trivett, third daughter of the rev. William Trivett.

Robert Nicholson, esq. at his seat, Loampit-hill, Kent.

28. At Bath, Adam Gordon, esq. of Lime-street.

At Limington, Hants, Mrs. Skrine, relict of the late Richard Dixon Skrine, esq. of Warley.

At Stanton Bernard, Wilts, the rev. Francis Rogers, rector of Headington, near Devizes.

After a few days illness, miss Berens, of Queen-street, May-fair.

Aged ten months, miss Louisa Bache, daughter of H. Bache, esq. of Stanmore.

31. Mr. Robinson, aged 69, upwards of twenty years one of the poor knights of Windsor.

At Windsor, doctor Pierson, physician, in the 65th year of his age.

Mr. John Toke, surgeon, of Fore-street, Finsbury-square.

June 3. Sir Godfrey Webster, bart. of Battle-abbey, in the county of Sussex. He hath left issue two sons and one daughter.

At Chelsea, Robert M'Pherson, aged 98.—In May, 1716, he entered on board the Panther, captain Lestock; after which he entered into the army: he was in several battles with the duke of Marlborough, and a serjeant in a regiment of foot, with general Wolfe, at Quebec. He was a dancing-master at Portsmouth in 1769.

*** *We have this month enlarged our publication with an additional half-sheet, in order to present our Readers with a full account of the interesting*

TRIAL OF JAMES HADFIELD,

FOR HIGH TREASON,

IN THE COURT OF KING'S-BENCH, WESTMINSTER,

ON THURSDAY, JUNE 26.

AT nine o'clock the prisoner was brought into court. He appeared to be calm and collected, and was neatly dressed.

The following gentlemen were sworn upon the jury:

LUKE FLOOD, Esq. Foreman.
THOMAS BALDOCK, Esq.
PETER ADAMS, Esq.
JOHN GANT, Esq.
WEBB MALLARD, Esq.
THOMAS BINGHAM, Esq.
MATTHEW OLIVER, Esq.
THOMAS WINDLE, Esq.
CHARLES RICH, Esq.
JOHN WARREN, Esq.
W. BLACKMORE, Esq.
WILLIAM WATSON, Esq.

The indictment stated that James Hadfield, being a natural-born subject of our Lord the King, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, as a false traitor, notwithstanding the love and obedience which every faithful subject ought to pay to his Majesty, on the 15th of May, in the 40th year of his Majesty's reign, at the parish of St. Martin-in-the-fields, maliciously, traitorously, and wickedly imagining and compassing to put to death our Lord the King, and to fulfil that wicked purpose, he, the said James Hadfield, did procure and obtain a certain pistol, gunpowder, and leaden slugs, with an intent to shoot at, kill, and assassinate, our said Lord the King.—There were two other counts, charging him with going to the theatre secretly armed, and with shooting at the King, with intent to kill the King, against his allegiance, against the form of the statute, and against the peace of the King, his crown, and dignity. To this indictment the prisoner had pleaded *Not Guilty*, and put himself upon the country, of which country the jury were.

Mr. Abbott opened the pleadings on the part of the prosecution.

The Attorney-General rose to address the jury. The prisoner, he said, stood charged with a crime of the utmost magnitude, involving in its consequences every thing most sacred in the institutions of civil society, namely, the crime of High Treason. The overt-acts contained in the indictment were all directed against his Majesty. He was first charged with procuring the pistol, &c.; he was next charged with going secretly armed to the play-house; and, lastly, he was charged with firing a pistol against the person of his Majesty, all of them with the same intent, namely, that of killing the king. Upon this subject, of which the jury had probably heard much in private conversation, it was their duty to discharge every thing that they had so heard from their minds, and attend only to the evidence which they should that day hear upon oath. It was his intention, if he could, to state correctly what that evidence would be; he should endeavour to do it concisely and truly, for the purpose of giving them a correct view of the whole subject, and facilitating them in taking a view of the whole case, by concentring the several parts under one distinct point. (The learned gentleman then described the manner in which the shot was fired, and which appears below from the evidence). The crime charged was that of imagining and contriving the death of the King. The law made that imagining and compassing criminal, if it were manifested by any overt-acts. The law made firing at any person a crime of a capital nature. The evidence would prove, beyond a possibility of doubt, the facts, and he would produce them evidence to show the conduct of the prisoner both before and after he fired the pistol. He would trace him from the time of his getting the pistol and procuring the powder. He would trace him from two o'clock that day, when they would find that he procured two pistols, but left one behind him for a reason which they would hear from

from the witnesses. He would trace him from thence to the time of his going to the theatre: he would show the conversation which he held respecting his intention of going to the theatre: he would show, that he concealed the arms, so that those near him did not suspect he had any, until the moment he used them. At that moment he was thrown over the orchestra; and he should also produce evidence to show his conduct at that period.

He should now shortly state to the jury what, in his opinion, was the law upon the case. If a person was completely deranged in mind, so as not to know what consequences resulted from his actions, incapable of distinguishing between good and evil, and unconscious of what he is about to do, the law of the country says, such a person cannot be guilty of a crime, inasmuch as the will was wanting, which was necessary to constitute a crime; but it would be grievous to every man, indeed, if a party labouring under occasional fits of insanity should stand excused of any crime he might commit. In the case of a total privation of reason, it was but just that such person should stand wholly excused, because he has not the reasoning faculty of judging between right and wrong; but when the jury were weighing the result of an action in a court of criminal jurisprudence, it became them to inquire what degree of discretion the person possessed at the time of committing the crime he stood accused of; and if they should find that he at the time possessed that competent understanding as to discern good from evil, they were bound to find him guilty; if on the contrary, it had been held by Lord Chief Justice Coke, that *non compos mentis* could not commit treason, and must be considered as actual madness. And Lord Chief Justice Hale, in commenting upon this passage, says, "that the true way of judging was as in the case of an infant, and according to this doctrine was the decision in two memorable cases in the State Trials." The first to which he alluded was the case of Edward Arnold, who was indicted for shooting at Lord Onslow. There was not a doubt but that that man was deranged; and as with respect to Lord Onslow himself, what was the opinion of the court in that case? That the prisoner had a steady regular design, and took all proper means to accomplish his object, and had therefore discretion enough to make him an object of punishment. The court, in summing up, stated, that the fact was proved beyond doubt, but whether it was malicious, must be deduced from the nature of the insanity. That if the prisoner was under the visitation of God, and knew not what he did, he could not be guilty; but that, on the other hand, it was not every particular insanity would serve for an excuse, but it must be one which deprived a man of reason, and left him in a state of not knowing more than a brute or an infant the nature of the action he had committed. Therefore the jury would decide as to that fact. He had thus attempted to define what the law considered as insanity, because he understood that was the defence to be set up; how far it would be supported, he knew not.—The jury would be able to judge, after they had heard the evidence: of that on the part of the crown, it would describe the prisoner acting as other men would under such occasions, procuring pistols, purchasing gunpowder, going to the play, paying for his admission, taking his seat, patiently waiting the desired moment, and discharging the pistol at his Majesty. In this there was thought, mind, and connivance; and it would, in short, appear by the evidence, that the prisoner had acted from a judgment which enabled him to perform the plan, and to further its execution.

Such was the evidence, and such was the law, as it occurred to him. We must all rejoice that the deed was not effected; but however providentially the life of his Majesty was preserved, it was important for the purpose of general safety, and the security of justice, that it should be known persons who had laboured under occasional insanity were not excused from the consequences of such crimes as they might commit, having sufficient understanding to judge of their evil tendency: so thought the jury, and so thought the court, in the case which he had alluded to, and so thought the highest court in the kingdom, when they condemned Lord Ferrers to die. He trusted that he had not over-stated the facts; he hoped he had not mistaken the law. The jury would correct him if he had done the

the first; and, with all submission, he submitted the latter to the court.

EVIDENCE FOR THE CROWN.

JOSEPH CALKIN—I belong to the musical band of Drury-lane theatre, and was in the orchestra, opposite to where the King sits, on the 15th of May; I saw the prisoner in the pit; and at the moment when his Majesty came into his box, I turned my eyes towards the audience, saw the prisoner above all the rest, with a pistol in his hand, which at that instant went off, pointed at his Majesty, as it appeared to him; the pistol was then dropped on the ground; I helped to secure the prisoner, by handing him over the rails, and conducting him to the music-room, where his Royal Highness the Duke of York and Mr. Sheridan came soon after. On the Duke's entering the room, the prisoner said, "Your Royal Highness is a good fellow, but this is not the worst that is brewing."

JOHN HOLROYD—I was in the pit at Drury-lane theatre on the 15th of May, and sat next the prisoner, who made way for me. I sat by him three-quarters of an hour before his Majesty came, not observing any thing particular as to the prisoner, but I remarked to a friend that he was a pitiable object, from the wounds he had received. I asked him, on entering, to make room for me, which he obligingly did. At the time his Majesty entered into the box, a pistol was placed before my face, which instantly went off, and the direction was unquestionably towards the King's person, or the King's box. I then assisted in securing the prisoner.

Examined by Mr. Justice GROSE.

Was you on his right hand or left?—I was on his left.

JEREMIAH PARKINSON—I was in the theatre on the 15th of May, and sat almost in the middle of the orchestra, with the audience on my left hand. I observed the prisoner in the pit, and saw him considerably higher than the people about him who were standing up, as is customary when his Majesty enters the house; I saw the prisoner direct a pistol towards the King's box, at the moment his Majesty came to the front of the box to make his bow to the audience, and appeared to me to take deliberate aim at the box; what I mean by deliberate is, that I saw him look along the barrel of the pistol. In this position I saw him fire it, and on its being discharged some gentleman laid hold of him; he fell, and I assisted in getting him over the spikes into the orchestra. We took him into a room under the stage, and gave him in charge to Townsend the officer. On his Royal Highness the Duke of York's coming in, I heard the prisoner say, "This is not all," or "it is not the worst; you do not know all that is going forward." In my opinion he could not have fixed himself in a better situation than he did to aim at his Majesty.

MAJOR WRIGHT—I was at the theatre, in the first row of the pit from the orchestra, and saw the prisoner immediately behind me; I had not taken any particular notice of him previously to the King's coming in. On its being announced that the King was coming, I was leaning against the orchestra, looking steadfastly at the King's box; and on his Majesty's entering I heard the discharge of a pistol; I turned round and saw the prisoner standing on the bench, apparently agitated; I jumped upon the seat, and took hold of him by the collar, and then exclaimed, "I have got him safe enough." I helped to pull him to the orchestra; and in turning round to the place where the prisoner sat, a young lady pointed down to the ground; I stooped and picked up a pistol (which he produced in court). The prisoner was then lifted over the rails.

ELIZABETH ORMISTON—I was at Drury-lane theatre on the 15th of May, and saw the prisoner before me. On his Majesty's entering, and making his first or second bow, he fired his pistol. I was so flurried, I cannot tell if he was on the seat or not. I saw the pistol in his hand, and, after discharging it, he threw it down before me, which Mr. Wright took up.

DAVID MOSES DYTE—I was at the theatre on the 15th of May, directly behind the prisoner. I saw the pistol in the prisoner's hand immediately after it was discharged.

JOHN WOOD—I was at the theatre on the 15th of May; I play the tenor in the orchestra; I set with my back to the audience on the Prince's side. I noticed the prisoner previous to the

transaction between the second and third row. I saw him jump upon the seat; the barrel of the pistol first caught my eye, I thought it was a spy-glass; he stretched out his arm towards the royal box: I saw the pistol fired, at which time his Majesty was in front of the box.

[His Royal Highness the Duke of York being now called, the prisoner, for the first time during the trial, exhibited the most dreadful agitation; and after the most convulsive gestures, exclaimed, "A good fellow! a good fellow!" Mr. Kirby laid hold on him, and he became quiet.]

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE OF YORK—I was at Drury-lane on the 15th of May. I cannot swear I saw the prisoner in the house, but saw him after he had fired the pistol, in the Music Room. The moment I entered, he said, "God bless you! I know you." I instantly recognised the man's face, but where I had seen him I knew not. I said to the prisoner, You have been one of my ORDERLY dragoons, have you not? The prisoner replied he had been with me since the day after the battle of Farmar. His answers on other topics were such as to assure me he was *perfectly* acquainted with what I asked him. He said he knew perfectly well his life was forfeited; that he was tired of life, and regretted nothing but that his wife would only be a wife to him a few days longer. He said once or twice "the worst had not happened yet." During this he did not pourtray the least appearance of *derangement*; he was as collected as a person possibly could be. After his Majesty was gone, I remained to see the house searched. A perforation was traced fourteen inches higher than where his Majesty sat, and on looking about, a slug was found in the orchestra: there was a smell of powder about it.

Cross-examined by MR. ERSKINE.

Give me leave to ask your Royal Highness, whether the orderly dragoons are not selected as the most tried and deserving men? His Royal Highness replied in the affirmative.

MR. JOSEPH RICHARDSON—I was at Drury-lane the 15th of May; I saw the prisoner after he had been brought into the Music Room; I heard the prisoner, towards the conclusion of examination, while passing the Duke of York, exclaim, with great enthusiasm, "God bless you! you are the soldiers' friend, and they love you." The prisoner also said, he knew the Duke of York, that he had served with him. He constantly denied having any intention against the King's life; and that there appeared no one indication of lunacy about him. When we had sat down, with papers, pens, &c. upon the table, the prisoner said, "Gentlemen, don't give yourselves so much trouble; wait a moment, and I will tell you all; I am a man tired of life; my plan is not to take away my own life, I sought therefore to get rid of it by other means. I did not mean to take away the life of the King; but I thought the attempt would answer my purpose as well."

MR. SHERIDAN—After being called twice, and not being to be found, Mr. Garrow informed the Court he would not trouble him.

Two carpenters, of the names of WEED and BETEM were now called, to prove the finding the slugs, which, on being produced by Mr. Ford, were identified by the witnesses.

WILLIAM HARMAN—I am a silver-spoon maker, and work with Mr. Dick; have known the prisoner seven years; the prisoner called on me on the 15th of May, at Mr. Dick's shop, Green-hill-rents, about two o'clock in the afternoon; showed me a pistol, saying he had been buying a pair; I asked him what he bought them for; he replied he had bought them for his young master, and had given 8*s.* for them, and that he should charge 12*s.* and so get 4*s.* by them. He left one of them with me, observing, if he took it home his wife would be frightened. At this time he appeared to be collected, and to know what he was about, and seemed as well as ever he was in his life.

MR. DICK—I am a silver-spoon-maker; Harman was my journeyman. I know the prisoner, he worked for me for three weeks, a year and a half ago. I saw him at my house on the 15th of May, about two o'clock in the afternoon, in company with Harman; he had a pistol with him; he was sitting upon a stool in the shop, and said, "How do you do, master? I have bought a bargain, and given 8*s.* for a pair of pistols." I told him I did not think they were worth 4*s.* He afterwards fetched some

some beer to treat the men, and said he should not go to work that afternoon, but would go home and clean himself, and that he would not take the pistol home, but would leave it till he came back: he did come back after cleaning himself, and took away the pistol. He appeared more serious than I had before seen him; was not so cheerful in spirit, but had no appearance of being deranged.

WM. HARRISON—I have known him seven or eight years; have shaved the prisoner occasionally during that time; he came to my shop on the 15th of May. Prisoner said—Ah! William, do you live here? I want shaving: but that he was going further, and would call as he came back. In ten minutes he returned, and was shaved: he then said he was going to the play. I observed nothing more than usual.

GEORGE WEBB, a boy—I live with Mr. Clark, St. John's-street, West-Smithfield, an oil and colourman, who also sells gunpowder. The prisoner came to the shop and asked for one ounce of superfine gunpowder; was told it was at the warehouse, but the porter should get it for him: he went away, and said he would call again. I never saw him after.

Several other witnesses were called to prove that the prisoner had informed them that he was going to the play on the day he did go; and that, in their opinion, he did not appear to be deranged.

The evidence for the crown being closed,

MR. ERSKINE began by stating that the duty he had been appointed to by the authority of the court afforded one of the grandest monuments of British justice that could be resorted to,—placing the country, its laws and government, in the highest estimation. We see a monarch, after 40 years' reign, shot at in a public theatre, yet a hair of the assassin is not touched, but he is delivered over to the arm of the law to judge of his punishment. We see also that that monarch remains unmoved, fully relying on the attachment of his people. I agree with the Attorney-General in the excellence of the law laid down in cases of High Treason. In cases of felony, a criminal knows not the nature of his indictment, nor who are to be his judges; but here, where the crime is directed against the king himself, the prisoner, at the instance of the crown, is armed all over with the law. In a civil action the prisoner could receive no assistance, being a pauper; but as it is, I stand here to afford him every thing that justice and benevolence can offer; and, upon my honour, I will endeavour to furnish him with whatever assistance the law enables me to afford. The Attorney-General has truly anticipated the defence; it is the only defence left for so atrocious an act. If he has compassed and imagined the death of the king, he has been guilty of treason, and must suffer the law; but if that most dreadful of all human afflictions, the derangement of his mind, is made clear and distinct, the verdict of a jury must acquit him; for it is the reason of man that makes him accountable for his actions, and it is the deprivation of that reason that excuses him; yet so subtle are the causes of insanity, that nothing baffles more the investigation of a court of justice than this circumstance. The law will not measure, as the Attorney-General has stated to you, the size of a man's understanding, so that he be *compos mentis*; but my Lord Hale says that it is difficult to define the invisible line that divides partial and perfect insanity, such is the difficulty of this day; and who can trace its indivisible effects upon the minds of men. It is therefore the question with the jury to know whether the prisoner is or is not *compos mentis*. If by a total privation of memory is meant recollection, or that a man has no notion of the relative situations of life, then I affirm no such madness ever existed in the world; for I maintain that lunatics not only have memory as to facts and circumstances, but, of all others, are at times the most recollective and the most subtle, but that recollection is the result of morbid and false appearances fixed by the malady in the mind, and which have no foundation in reality, but are the offspring of delusion. I consider the unfortunate and unhappy man before you, whom God Almighty has thought just to afflict, to be in that situation, and to have fixed in his citadel of reason a disease which creates these delusions, and affect him as if they really existed. I am not disposed to say that the prisoner, as a soldier, did not know that a pistol was an instrument

instrument of death, or that gunpowder would not facilitate a ball; but I will show you that he was a man deprived of his reason in the most important parts, and that madness had never left him. [Mr. Erskine here introduced some important facts as to morbid imaginations and their influence on the human actions.] It is said, if a man has the knowledge of good and evil, he is not to be considered insane. Suppose a man should consider another a potter's vessel, and that he should fancy to break that, and should fire at it with an arm, he might know that it was a misdemeanor; but no one could say that he ought to be accounted a *homicide*; and yet that man shall judge between good and evil. The question therefore occurs, Whether that unhappy man fired at his Majesty, meditating a malignant violence against the King, or that he went there for another purpose which his diseased reason had conjured up; and can there be doubt of his reason being diseased? You all saw the emotion he felt upon his royal highness the Duke of York's coming into court, though before and since he remained perfectly quiet. Can you think the operation of the human mind, unaffected by disease, could have produced such emotions. [Mr. Erskine here observed the dreadful wounds the prisoner had received upon his head, and insisted that, from their effects, should he live for 1000 years, he would never again be relieved.] He then went on to state, that the prisoner went to the theatre purposely to take away his own life, not by his own hands, by doing an act, that, like our Blessed Saviour, his life should become forfeited, and taken away from him. That he had expressed himself the time was come when that great work which he was destined to perform should be accomplished, and that he should quit the world; that he had also wished to dash his own infant to pieces, in order that it might go with him; all of which he felt himself obliged to do in furtherance of that morbid imagination which had taken possession of his brain. But in all this nothing meditating the death of the King had entered his mind, nor had any thing been produced to prove that he had any connection with others, manifesting his hatred to the King. He had himself accounted for the transaction, by stating, that he once had an idea of shooting over the King's coach, but feared that he should be trampled on, and his body would not be found; but if he fired over the box at the play-house, he expected he should instantly be killed, his body would be found, and he should be decently buried; and that all that he did was in imitation of his Great Master's example, who had sacrificed his own life to obtain the great end of saving the human race. Mr. Erskine therefore contended that he went to the theatre under the dominion of insanity, and not under the influence of wicked and malignant intentions, which insanity had been brought on by the deadly wounds he had received. If, Gentlemen of the Jury, you are of this opinion, in God's name acquit him; but should you think he was actuated by wicked and malignant motives, let him die; the law in that case lays claim to his forfeit life.

EVIDENCE FOR PRISONER.

MAJOR RYAN—I was an officer in the 15th light dragoons abroad, in the year 1793; Hadfield was a private in the same regiment. On the 18th of May, near Raperg, he was badly wounded, had conducted himself as an uncommon good soldier; but after his wounds he had shown manifest symptoms of derangement.

HERCULES M'GILLAN—I know the prisoner, and have been in battle with him; I always considered him as my right-hand man; I saw him receive his wounds; he was fighting gallantly when he came by them; he was left for dead on the field. I saw him in 1796 at Croydon barracks, and was astonished he should be alive. When he observed me he snatched a bayonet, and made a thrust at me. I thought he must be deranged, to attempt to stab the man who had stood forward to save his life. He was then under the care of the surgeon of the regiment.

LANE, a soldier in the Guards, proved Hadfield's being in an hospital in France, and stated, that the prisoner, while in that situation, on being asked who he was, said—"I come from London, I am King George;" then asked for a looking-glass. On his giving it him, he felt about his face, and said, "I am feeling for my crown of gold, I am King George." He was afterwards confined in a cell as a madman; but

but on meeting the witness afterwards in the garden of the prison, Hadfield said, "How do you do, King George? But that is all done away with now."

Mr. LIDDERBY—I am surgeon to the 15th light dragoons; I know the prisoner, and remember him at Croydon barracks; I there attended him in a state of insanity. I took the usual modes of treatment with him; he was confined and tied down in bed for near a fortnight; at the expiration of which time he was discharged from the regiment on account of his insanity, though he was much better.

The evidence of Surgeon CLINE and Dr. CREIGHTON, who had been deputed to examine the wounds of the prisoner while in confinement, decidedly proved them as the causes of a disposition to fits of madness.

Capt. WILSON—I am an officer in the 75th light dragoons. I remember the prisoner being wounded, and supposed dead. No dragoon could act better than he did. If a man was to have been selected for bravery, loyalty, or good conduct, Hadfield would have been the man.

DAVID HADFIELD—I am brother to the prisoner at the bar. I went to see him at Croydon; I found him deranged; he had then been discharged; I took care of him; but it was not necessary to confine him till two months after his discharge from the regiment, when he was confined nine days. Since that time he has been subject to frequent fits, bawling and hallooing out, in the hot season particularly, or at the change of the moon; he then begins to talk at random, saying that he is Jesus Christ, and that he is God; at all which times we have been obliged to confine him.

MARY GORE (sister of Hadfield's wife) deposed, that she had lived some time in the house with Hadfield, and observed that the warm weather affected him much, producing insanity. She remembered on Tuesday the 13th of May, preceding the Thursday on which the life of the king was attempted, the prisoner's coming home between one and two o'clock, at which time he appeared much deranged. He said he was going a long way, he was a very clever fellow, and had a great deal to do. On Tuesday, between one and two o'clock, he was asked where he had been? He said, to see God. After dinner, he said he must go to work, to keep up his frame. On this he went out, and was followed by the witness up Charter-house lane. He ran from the bottom of Smithfield to the gates leading into the square; and after many tricks of madness, he went into his master's, where he worked. At night he came home in company with a Mr. Crick. After supper he wanted to go into the garden to pray, for three hours, that he should then see God. He went into the garden, but was fetched in again. On his return said, that God was going to build a house in White Conduit-fields; that he had marked the ground out; and that he and True-lock were to live there as God and Satan. They then got him into bed, but five minutes after jumped out again, and said he must go into the garden—God had ordered him to go. He was again forced into bed; but about two o'clock he jumped up again, and exclaimed, "D—n his little eyes, (meaning his child) I'll kill him." I and my sister screamed out, opened the door, and my brother, Mr. Harrison, came into the room. Seeing some water in a closet, which somehow the prisoner had spilt, my brother asked what that was; when Hadfield said, That is my bed, I am going to sleep there; I have lost a great deal of blood. Harrison persuaded him to go into bed, where he staid till morning. On getting up, he asked for his child; but on being told of what he had done in the night, he said it was a d——d lie, for that he had not waked all night. Wednesday he went to work; but, on his return, he again said he had been to see God, and that God was a shoemaker, and lived in Conduit-fields. In the night of Wednesday he exhibited similar signs to what he had done the night before. Thursday morning, the 15th, he got up, repeated his former profane expressions, and said he had been in a fine coach to dine with the King. He said, "God bless the King! if it was not for him I should not receive my pension;" went out after breakfast, came home to dinner, desired my sister to get tea, as he was going to be made *an odd fellow*. At four o'clock he came home to tea, cleaned himself, drank half a cup, then went out, and I saw no more of him.

In cross-examination of this witness, she asserted, that no one could be in company

company with him at this time for ten minutes but must have seen his deranged state.

GEORGE HARRISON, and CATHARINE his wife, gave the like testimony as to the prisoner's conduct on the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday; corroborating the account of the former witness as to the deranged state of the prisoner's mind, and the profane language he made use of.

ELIZABETH ROBERTS, in whose house the prisoner had lodged for the last three months, said, that during the whole of the time she had observed a wildness in his looks, which had considerably increased of late. She stated, that she had heard him jump up and down in his chamber, and went and asked him if he was not mad.

His wife said he was going to dash the child's brains against the bed-post. On Wednesday evening the witness had a conversation with him; he appeared to be very low-spirited.—[*She was proceeding with her evidence, when Lord Kenyon interrupted her.*]

His Lordship, addressing himself to the Attorney-General, said—Can you call evidence to contradict all this?—With regard to the law as it had been laid down, there could be no doubt upon earth. If the man was, at the time he committed this atrocious offence, in a deranged state of mind, he cannot be criminally answerable. The material part of the case is, whether he was deranged at the time; and I confess the facts stated by the witnesses bring conviction home to my mind that at the time he committed this offence, and a most horrid one it is, he was in a deranged state of mind. I do not know that you can run the case too nicely. If insanity is proved, it is an acquittal. It must, however, be made out by such evidence as will satisfy moral men having an arduous duty to discharge, at the same time throwing into the case a certain proportion of mercy. If this should appear to have been an assumed case, and to have been drawn up by management, and to give a false colour to his conduct, assuredly then the whole of it vanishes.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL—I must confess I have no reason to imagine this is a case of collusion; on the contrary, I stated that I apprehended that the man had been originally discharged from the army on the ground of his insanity.—With respect to his insanity immediately preceding and subsequent to the act, the circumstances now stated were unknown to me.

Lord KENYON.—Your conduct, Mr. Attorney, in instituting the prosecution, has been perfectly right: it was most fit, nay absolutely necessary, to make the inquiry you have; but the result of that inquiry being what it is, I would put it to you whether you ought to proceed?

ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—I am much obliged to your lordship for having mentioned your sentiments upon the subject; your lordship will feel how necessary it was for me to wait the recommendation of the court.

Lord KENYON.—Gentlemen of the Jury, the Attorney-General's opinion coinciding with mine, I believe in this case you will find this man, at the time he committed the offence charged in the indictment, not to have been under the guidance of reason.—We will order the prisoner to be sent back to the prison in which he has hitherto been confined, until he shall be otherwise disposed of.

Mr. ERSKINE—We who are counsel for the prisoner are sensible of the justice and humanity of the court. We subscribe to the law, that the safety of the community requires the prisoner should be properly disposed of. We had twenty more witnesses to prove his derangement, if it had been necessary.

Mr. GARROW urged the propriety of its forming a part of the verdict that the prisoner was insane. Such a return, he said, would lay a foundation for any measure that might afterwards be considered as most adapted to the prisoner's case.

The verdict of the jury was, "*That* JAMES HADFIELD *was Not Guilty, he being under the influence of insanity at the time the act was committed.*"

The prisoner was immediately taken back to Newgate in a hackney coach, guarded by a great number of constables.

The acquittal of the prisoner was marked by no extraordinary emotion on his part. He preserved the same appearance of composure he had manifested throughout his trial. The curiosity of the populace to get a sight of him was extreme; but there was not the least disposition towards a breach of the peace.